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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of the Count Las Cases. Vol. III. in Paris V. & VI. 8vo. pp. 686. London, H. Colburn & Co.

WHATEVER Las Cases was to Buonaparte, Buonaparte is a good subject to Las Cases. From the 15th of July to the 26th of Aug. 1816, or the space of six weeks, furnishes material for the first of these parts, amounting to 310 pages; while the second, of 376 pages, is devoted to the recollections between Aug. 27 and Oct. 24. Tristram Shandy's annual volumes are not to be compared to this mode of manufacturing books; and indeed it seems to us, that after the interest which attaches to these minute respecting Buonaparte has subsided, an abridgment of this Journal, with the extraneous matter excluded, will be much more agreeable than the bulky and stuffed out Journal itself. As yet we are glad, for the sake of the remarkable anecdotes and curious details which it contains, the development of characters, and the singular picture of a most extraordinary man which it exhibits, to pay the penalty of all the author's puffs of "my atlas;" but it is too bad of him also to lug in long extracts from Baron Larrey's well-known Narrative of the Russian Campaign, Buonaparte's still better known pamphlet on the Battle of Waterloo, and to eke out even beyond these with tedious stories, said to be told by him to Buonaparte, about the emigration to Coblenz and England, full of cynicism and miserable toad-eating.

Yet, though we dislike all this interlarding, which is so evidently book-making, we must allow that the mélange is altogether extremely entertaining, and worthy of attention. Indeed, whatever selection posterity may make, we are of opinion that too much can scarcely be written by eye-witnesses and observers of Buonaparte—that too much light cannot be thrown upon his conversation and conduct: it will be for history hereafter to sift and winnow the mass, and separate the true from the false. On these terms we receive every new volume of Las Cases with satisfaction, and with pleasure perform our partial task of sifting them as they come forth for the use of our readers.

The display of Napoleon in the volume just published is at least equal to any preceding exhibition of him. We lose sight of the hero more and more, and see more and more of the Imperial dreamer and the waspish prisoner—tawdler about the speculative impossibilities he meant to have performed but for the fates of Moscow, Leipzig, and Waterloo; and abusing Sir Hindson Lowe about every petty affair which could be tortured into a broil to embitter the days of his unphilosophical captivity. Of the former we have some superb instances. All the vast works about Cherbourg it seems were carried on with the view of ultimately destroying Britain. Buonaparte was to remain neutral, or on the defensive, for so many years, till he got a navy, built in canals and basins, of 200 or 300 sail of the line: he was then

to watch his opportunity, invade England, and add our subjugated Isle to his universal empire!! Another of his precious projects is thus described: "One of my dreams (he tells the gaping Count) would have been, when the grand events of war were completely terminated, and I returned to the interior in tranquillity and at ease, to look out for half a dozen, or a dozen, of real good philanthropists, of those worthy men who live but to do good. I should have distributed them through the empire, which they would have secretly inspected for the purpose of making their report to me. They would have been the *spies of virtue*! They would have addressed themselves directly to me, and would have been my confessors, my spiritual directors, and my decisions with them would have been my good works in secret. My grand occupation, when at full leisure, and at the height of my power, would have been the amelioration of every class of society. I should have descended to the details of individual comfort, and had I found no motive for that conduct in my natural disposition, I should have been actuated by the spirit of calculation; for after the acquisition of so much glory, what other means would have been left to me to make any addition to it?"—We wonder the assistance of the Man of the Moon was not thought of in this sublime and yet simple contrivance; but we have still another of the *grandes pensées* to adduce—and a very modest and moderate speculation it is.

After wintering at Moscow, without the good folks of Paris knowing any thing about him and the army, Buonaparte, "on the first appearance of fine weather," intended to have marched against the enemy, and beaten them. "I should then (says he) have been master of their empire;" but "I was forced to yield to fate. And, after all, how unfortunate for France—indeed for all Europe!" Why so, our readers will immediately see, for the narration proceeds:

"Peace, concluded at Moscow, would have fulfilled and wound up my hostile expeditions. It would have been, with respect to the grand cause, the term of casualties and the commencement of security. A new horizon, new undertakings, would have unfolded themselves, adapted, in every respect, to the well-being and prosperity of all. The foundation of the European system would have been laid, and my only remaining task would have been its organization.

"Satisfied on these grand points, and every where at peace, I should have also had my congress and my holy alliance. These are plans which were stolen from me. In that assembly of all the sovereigns, we should have discussed our interest in a family way, and settled our accounts with the people, as a clerk does with his master."

"He next took a review of what he would have proposed for the prosperity, the interests, the enjoyments and the well-being of the European confederacy. He wished to

establish the same principles, the same system every where. An European code; a court of European appeal, with full powers to redress all wrong decisions, as ours redresses at home those of our tribunals. Money of the same value but with different coins; the same weights, the same measures, the same laws, &c. &c.

"Europe would soon in that manner," he said, "have really been but the same people, and every one, who travelled, would have every where found himself in one common country."

"He would have required, that all the rivers should be navigable in common; that the seas should be thrown open; that the great standing armies should, in future, be reduced to the single establishment of a guard for the sovereign, &c. &c.

"In fine, a crowd of ideas fell from him, the greater part of which were new; some of the simplest nature, others altogether sublime, relative to the different political, civil, and legislative branches, to religion, to the arts, and commerce: they embraced every subject.

"He concluded: 'On my return to France, in the bosom of my country, at once great, powerful, magnificent, at peace and glorious, I would have proclaimed the immutability of boundaries, all future wars, purely defensive; all new aggrandizement, anti-national.' I would have associated my son with the empire; my dictatorship would have terminated, and his constitutional reign commenced."

"Paris would have been the capital of the world, and the French the envy of nations!"

"My leisure and my old age would have been consecrated in company with the Empress, and, during the royal apprenticeship of my son, in visiting, with my own horses, like a plain country couple, every corner of the empire; in receiving complaints, in redressing wrongs, in founding monuments, and in doing good every where and by every means! . . . These also, my dear Las Cases, were among my dreams!!"

Well might he call them so, if such insane drivelling merits a name implying even so much consistency. But in addition to all this, he proposed besides (after returning victorious from Moscow!) to have re-instated the Pope, surrounded him with honours and splendours, and made Paris the capital of the Christian world; and thus having the legal direction of ecclesiastical affairs, the Pope was to have been merely his puppet, and the whole race of man on the face of the civilized globe were to be body and soul under his sole dominion! What pity that any defeats should have happened to mar schemes so transcendently worthy of—the philosopher in Rasselas.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step: from dreams of universal empire to squabbles with the Governor of St. Helena is hardly so wide a distance. *Ec. gr.*

July 16th. "About two o'clock, a message was brought to the Emperor to ascertain

whether he was willing to receive the Governor. He gave him an audience that lasted nearly two hours, and ran over, without falling into a passion, he said, all the objects under discussion. He recapitulated all our grievances; enumerated all his wrongs; addressed himself, he observed, by turns to his understanding, his imagination, his feelings, and his heart. He put it in his power to repair all the mischief he had done, to recommence upon a plan altogether new, but in vain, for that man, he declared, was without fibres; nothing was to be expected from him.

"This Governor, said the Emperor, had assured him, that when the detention of M. de Montholon's servant took place, he did not know he was in our service, and he added, that he had not read Madame Bertrand's sealed letter. The Emperor observed to him, that his letter to Count Bertrand was altogether repugnant to our manners, and in direct opposition to our prepossessions; that if he, the Emperor, were but a simple general and private individual, and had received such a letter from him, the Governor, he would have called him out; that a man so well known and respected in Europe, as the Grand Marshal, was not to be insulted, under the penalty of social reprobation; that he did not take a correct view of his situation with regard to us; that all his actions here came within the province of history, and that even the conversation which passed at that moment belonged to history; that he injured every day by his conduct, his own government and his own nation, and that in time he might feel the consequences of it; that his government would disclaim his conduct in the end, and that a stain would attach itself to his name, which would disgrace his children. 'Will you allow me,' said the Emperor, 'to tell you what we think of you? We think you capable of every thing; yes, of every thing; and while you retain your hatred, we shall retain our opinion. I shall still wait for some time, because I like to act upon certainties; and I shall then have to complain, not that the worst proceeding of ministers was to send me to St. Helena, but that they gave you the command of it. You are a greater calamity to us than all the wretchedness of this horrible rock.'

"The Governor's answer to all this was, that he was about to transmit an account of it to his government; that he learned at least something from the Emperor, but that he received only provoking treatment from us, and that we made matters worse."

July 18th. "At half-past seven, the Emperor ordered two covers to be laid in his cabinet, and was very much out of temper, because his papers were thrown into confusion by using the table on which they lay. They were replaced by his direction, and the covers laid upon another small table."

July 19th. "The Emperor took a walk; he was attended by several of us, and we went round the park on foot."

"One of his shoe-buckles fell out, and we all eagerly strove to put it in again; he who succeeded, considered himself the most fortunate. The Emperor, who would not have allowed us to behave so at the Tuilleries, seemed here to feel a kind of satisfaction at our conduct; he let us do as we liked, and we were thankful to him for indulging us in an action that did honour to us, in our own opinion."

July 23d. "The Emperor called upon me about three o'clock. He wished to take a walk. He had a gloomy look, and had suffered much since yesterday. He was seriously affected by the intense heat during his ride in the calash. He had observed a new door which was making without, and which would have altered the whole interior of the topographical cabinet, and of Madame Montholon's former apartment. He had not been consulted on the occasion, and was sensibly affected at it. He sent instantly for the person who had given the directions, and the bad reasons he assigned served only to vex him still more. We were desirous of taking a walk, but it seemed decided that every thing was to irritate and put him in ill humour that evening. He saw some English officers on his way, and turned aside from them almost in anger, observing, that shortly it would be impossible for him to put his foot out of doors. A few paces off he was joined by the Doctor, who came to tell him, unseasonably enough, of some arrangements that were making for him, the Emperor, and to ask his opinion on the subject. It was one of the topics which, perhaps, hurt his feelings most. He made no answer, his ordinary resource against disappointment, but this time he kept silent with a restlessness he could not conceal. He came up with the carriage, and got in; but on our way we met with some more English officers, and then he suddenly ordered the coachman to drive off, at a gallop, in another direction."

"The new opening, however, which had been made in the house without his knowledge, and which he found so inconvenient, still sat heavy on his heart. He was about to lighten the load by a lively playfulness with the wife of the person who had ordered it, and who happened to be in the calash. 'Ah,' said he, 'are you there? You are in my power; you shall pay the penalty. The husband is the guilty person; it is the wife that shall answer for him.' But instead of accommodating herself to the sense in which the words were uttered, which she might have done without the least inconvenience, and with the certainty of a satisfactory result, she persisted in making lame excuses for her husband, and repeating reasons, which served but to revive his dissatisfaction. Finally, to fill up the chapter of cross purposes, one of us, on discovering the tents of the camp, informed him that the evolutions and manoeuvres of the preceding day were in celebration of one of the great victories gained by the English in Spain, and that the regiment which executed them, had been very nearly destroyed in battle. 'A regiment, Sir, is never destroyed by the enemy; it is immortalized,' was his only answer. It is true, that it was delivered very dryly."

"For myself, I meditated in silence on this accumulation of contrarieties, which struck with redoubled blows in so short a time. It was a precious moment for an observer. I estimated the torments they were calculated to produce, and I remarked, with admiration, the few he suffered to escape. I said to myself, this is the intractable man, this the tyrant! It might have been said, that he knew what was passing in my mind, for, when we left the calash, and were a few paces before the others, he said to me, in a low tone, 'If you like to study mankind, learn how far patience can go, and all that one can put up with.' &c. &c."

(To be continued.)

Durazzo, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By James Haynes, Author of "Conscience," a Tragedy. London 1823. Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 135.

WITH much of interest, with several situations well calculated for effect, and with language often highly poetical, *Conscience* procured for its author a considerable share of reputation, which *Durazzo* may not diminish, but is not likely to increase. With here and there beautiful touches—as a poem it is inferior to its predecessor, and as a tragedy it has the same defect in the principal character. Neither Lorenzo nor *Durazzo* are sufficiently good; or sufficiently evil,—we hardly know whether to hate them as villains, or pity them as men whose misfortunes are crimes; they have not that hardihood of wickedness which, in spite of our better feelings, takes hold of our imagination, but vacillate between the right and the wrong, without firmness to be virtuous or courage to be bad. A sketch of the plot will best exemplify this:—Antonio has secretly leagued with the Moors, then invading Spain, to obtain his kinsman's crown. Through his machinations, a battle has been lost; and, in endeavouring to fix the odium on the general, Alonzo, he makes use of an apparently mean instrument, *Durazzo*, who stirs up the lower classes with his invectives. *Benducar*, a friend of the calumniated hero, takes his part, and strikes *Durazzo*, who, now doubly excited for revenge, forges letters from the camp, accusing Alonzo of treachery; who is, on this false evidence, tried before the King, and sentenced to banishment. Previously to this, we find that *Durazzo* has saved the life of *Benducar*'s daughter: the fair lady has rewarded his courage by falling desperately in love with him, and just before he attends the trial they exchange rings. As soon, however, as sentence of exile is passed on Alonzo, *Benducar* declares his daughter shall wed him, and, together with himself, be his companion in banishment. The marriage ceremony is delayed, at first by the reluctance of *Zelinda*, and at last interrupted by the appearance of *Durazzo* and guards, who, on the plea that Alonzo has outstaid the term allowed for his departure, and that *Benducar* is his accomplice, make them their prisoners; and *Zelinda*, terrified by the threat of her father's curse, solemnly renounces her former lover. *Durazzo* now takes a most sudden change; the proud man's contumely is met with equal scorn; pride is met with pride still greater; he has recovered the title and honours of his birth, which is found to be noble, though forfeited by his grandfather for magic practices; but his horizon is scarcely brightened, ere it is darkened again. Alonzo's innocence is discovered; *Benducar* is killed by *Durazzo*; and the ring *Zelinda* had given, being found near the body (a trite incident), betrays the murderer. Inconsistent as it may seem, remorse is the only feeling of *Durazzo*: he courts death in the battle, performs prodigies of valour, and finally seeks *Zelinda*'s convent, and stabs himself at her feet.—We have now performed the least agreeable part of our critical duty: a more pleasant task remains. If we have objected to the general weakness of the plot, we have much to say of the interest in particular scenes. That where *Zelinda* solicits *Durazzo* for her father, is most feelingly written; the meeting with Garcia after his sudden elevation, and his last scene with *Benducar*, are powerful, both in situation and language. We shall now conclude

with a few extracts, which will, we think, give a very favourable idea of Mr. Haynes's powers—

— trust to that other hope, which, though Unknown to vulgar minds, inspires the noble To bear misfortune rightly.

Alonso.

What is that?

Benlucar. The sentence of posterity.—They, too,

Will have their petty likings, and dislikes,
Envy, and jealousies, and treacherous arts
Touching the men they live with; but to us
They'll turn a purer eye, and passionless—
As passionless as the embrace of death—
Sit in the high judiciary of Time
To weigh the memories of men departed.

— Deceit

Abruptly taken will lack breathing time
To gloss and polish its contrivances;
While Truth, whose ready wit is at the call
Of quick emergence, needs no art to make
Her tale consistent.

'Tis she herself! Oh, what a lip is there!
It speaks in silence to the soul of man,
And beauty is its language.

What should I fear, who have a sword—a hand—
A heart—a quarrel—and—an injury!
O! 'tis the lion's fury, not his size,
That makes the forest tremble.

If you must needs refuse, refuse in mildness—
Or even in anger:—irony bespeaks
A pleasure in the pain it aggravates.

— There is a chill damp air
Abroad, which, through the senses, comes upon
The inmost soul with dews of melancholy.
How awful is this wide repose! No sound
Of herd, or flock, or happy villager,
Of living, moving, or articulate thing,
Breaks on the ear through the vast amplitude
Of the surrounding skies. Nature is laid
Within the arms of silence; and the breath
She drew by day is charm'd to such suspense,
As if this earth were but the shadow of
Some other world, and all things wrought thereon
Held by no stronger tenure than the moonbeams
Hold of the vacant air. But, can I trust
My passion with an enemy who smote—
Degraded—cuffed me as a froward boy
Is taught his manners, or the drudging team
To mend its pace? Sustain me in this trial,
Sweet patience, and lock up the memory
That fills the vessels of my heart with gall,
And stamps on shame the colour of revenge.
His age again shall save him. Hark! he comes—
No; 'twas the falling of some wither'd leaf,
That left its branch as men drop off by time
From the green stem of life.

— Methinks I am an outcast from the name
And race of man;—the enemy, and not
The fellow of their kind.—I'll seek some cave,
And have myself there chained to a rock,
Lest I should murder others in my madness.
Or shall I murder still, and still be seen
Not sparing—not repenting—not at peace;
But standing, like the spirit of the plague
Within a ravaged city, listening for
A stir of life to fix its fangs again?

— If lions weep, they weep such tears.
There is more anguish in one drop of mine
Than floods that fall from patient gentleness;
For mine are tortured from me: others flow,
But mine are tears that bleed.

We need cite no more to prove Mr. Haynes a poet—a poet of a higher order too than this tragedy would, as a whole, justify us in ranking him. This we take to proceed from no eclipse of genius, but to be entirely owing to the present mode of managing the Stage, which has an inherent and irresistible tendency to degrade our dramatic literature. Mr. Haynes, instead of contemplating the great scene of nature, and the wide range of human passions, and thence filling his imitative canvas, has been betrayed into the theatrical sin of studying particular actors, and their capability of portraying particular effects. Durazzo is unnatural, because it was drawn from Mr. Kean, whose various talent would have lavished fine and striking acting on the vacillations of that personage; and the other characters are subdued into mediocrity, merely because there are no more Keans at Drury Lane, and it is not agreeable to stage monarchs to have rivals too near the throne. But though we mention names in this case to illustrate our opinion, we mean nothing invidious: it is the principle which we condemn—that principle which is general, and works its destructive effect upon dramatic writing as viciously at one theatre as another, and discouragingly with every leading performer in Tragedy, Comedy, and Opera, as with Mr. Kean. Instead of forming plays on life, they are formed for actors: it is not considered what the men and women, A. B. or C. would say and do in certain situations, but how the actors A. B. and C. will best exhibit themselves in such parts. And if an author does not construct himself on this model, farewell to the favour of the Green-room, good-by to the countenance of managers; not one of the principal actors will act in his play; no manager will bring it forward. This is the bane of our drama altogether; and it has been the bane of Durazzo.

THE LIBERAL. No. III.

THE third, and we anticipate nearly if not the last, of this so-named publication issued from the press last week; and as it appears, from the papers it contains, to be destitute of the only contributions which (poor as they were) excited curiosity, viz. the contributions of Lord Byron, we do not feel called upon to take any particular notice of it. It is indeed at once dull and low in point of talent;—one of the most wearisome periodicals which we have lately seen, and far below the standard of the leading Monthly Magazines. A silly thing, called, presumptuously, *The Blues*, a *Literary Eclogue*, is as vapid a performance as can well be imagined. It is followed by a still more silly piece of egotistical vanity and self-importance, entitled, “My first Acquaintance with the Poets;” but who “My” is, and the long rignarole about his first meeting Coleridge and Wordsworth, however interesting to himself, cannot by possibility interest another person in Britain.

Letters from Abroad are as mawkish as ever, and written in as ungrammatical a style—for example, “Both Pisa and Genoa have little pretensions *either* to music or books.”

— “You know that I have often been in raptures at faces that have passed me in London, whose only faults were being very coarse and considerably bilious. But never mind. It is not desirable to have a Brobdignagian sight; and where the mouth is sweet and the eyes intelligent, there is always

the look of beauty with me. Now I have seen heaps of such faces in Genoa.”

Such trash can only be equalled by the interwoven bits of translation, such as (from Alfieri)

Whether a land's at war or peace,
Produces metals, tops, or, teas,
Or lives in towns or villages—

The remaining papers are of the same calibre with those we have specified, and it would be a miserable task to trouble ourselves or readers with any farther remarks on such arrant coxcomby and utter insipidity. We shall only add, that there is a pleasant notice of Apuleius, recommended, no doubt, by his obscurity; but the essay is tolerably clever, and therefore shines where it is like a diamond among dirt.

Letters, Literary and Political, on Poland; comprising Observations on Russia and other Scythian Nations and Tribes. 8vo. pp. 382. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. London, Hurst, Robinson & Co. 1823.

WHETHER written by a Pole Scotticised or a Scot Polarised,* we are at a loss to determine from the work before us; but we are free to say, that, though to a certain degree a useful book, we would much rather it had been written by a Pole or a Scot, without any union of national excellences. For, between the two, there is an affectation of the ornate style, which fails sadly when it is not altogether successful; and there is a much worse fault, a want of information, as if the author was either deficient in details himself, or took it for granted that readers were acquainted with more than any one publishing on a given subject has a right to suppose they knew. The consequence is, that the volume indicates rather than treats; and that, confessing as we do our ignorance on many points to which it cursorily alludes, we find our curiosity piqued very frequently where we wish our thirst for intelligence to be gratified.

Thus disappointed, we shall use these letters barely for what they are worth; and pick out what we can from them to exhibit their quality, and, if in our power, present a page of agreeable miscellany. We have said the style was ambitious; and so saying, “a propos” of dancing.

“Look to the light and airy steps of the rural Mazur. The variety of its figures are like the inextricable windings of the Cretian labyrinth; and still, amid such apparent confusion, the regular and joyous spirit of harmony reigns. This dance is peculiar to the Masovian peasantry, and strikingly exhibits the intelligent character for which they are noted. And does not this dance, meanwhile, contain elements for national pantomimes? Many dances peculiar to other nations appear stiff, unmanageable, and even comic; the Polish are distinguished by all the charms of variety and grace. The life of the Poles being nomadic and rural, has given them scope for light bodily exercises. By means of these they acquired a degree of pleasing agility, so that their pastimes and their amusements

* “A considerable number of Scottish troops constantly served in the Polish army, and there still exist among the Polish nobility several names very common in this country, as Middletons, Gordons, Lindsays, Johnstons. The Poles frequently resorted to England in quest of knowledge; for a considerable time two Lithuanian Protestant students of divinity studied every year at Oxford.”—*Author*, p. 262-3.

have naturally assumed many traits resembling those of the ancient Greeks, and are, in like manner, liable to melt easily into ideal forms.

"Finally, there come groups of the Cracovian peasantry. They have a dance, called, from their own name, *Cracowiak*. They come, youths and maidens, hand in hand. They are mountaineers, and lightly glide, like the mountain breezes, over hills and valleys. They approach at the measure of music, but its strain is not sufficient for the exuberance of their joy—they must unite their own voices, and wing their steps with music and song. The song they must address to some object of their esteem or affection—to a venerable aged sire, or a generous landlord. They wheel once or twice round in a fairy circle, and return again to sing his praise either singly or in chorus. Their song is extemporaneous. Even here, do not they again exhibit the traits of enjoyments as giddy and as graceful as those of the Greeks, the sportive children of nature, during their national festivals? Is not this capable of becoming a rich and beautiful subject for national operas? These Saturnalian sports are the intermediate ties by which the peasantry is approximated to the nobility, and the nobility descends towards the peasantry. Upon such occasions there is room for all natural and conventional human feelings. Dignity and esteem—benignity and gratitude—condescension and affection—may have their scope and their full play. The lively yet graceful motions, and the glee of life, make such scenes lyrical and enchanting."

A friend of ours calls this sort of writing "*rumbustical*;" but, not aware of what that term imports, we only quote it as *very fine*.

The ancient Slavonic poetry is described as being, like that of Ossian:—

"Of an affectionate wife, mourning the absence of her husband, it is said: 'Her tears fall like dew upon the flowers, (her cheeks:) Her bright sun (husband) will rise and dry up the dew.'"

"The following, of a shepherd, is in the highest degree picturesque. It will remind you of the scene of Romeo and Juliet; and might, at any rate, not be unworthy of Shakespeare. 'Lean thee, my love, on my arm. I will gaze on thy bosom till the dawn will awake thee.'"

"The following bears the character of an old adage: 'The strong wall of a palace is the people, its golden top is the monarch.'"

"But the descriptions of warlike events are, above all, picturesque and forcible. They partake even somewhat of the oriental style. A Slavonian chief, after victory, is celebrated in these words: 'Upon that day there were two suns. One in Heaven, which rolled on; one on earth, which stood still—and long years shone over all the land.'"

Some of these it will be seen are not at all Ossianic; and the following Russian dirge is still more nationally peculiar—

A young maid sat upon the streamlet's side,
And thought most tearfully on her bitter fate—
Her bitter fate, and on departed time—
Departed time—the glad, exulting time;
And there the lovely maiden robed herself;
She robed herself, with many adornings robed,
And waited anxious for her trusted friend—
Waited for her trusted friend:—a ruffian he!
He played the ruffian with a maid, and fed:—
Alas! love's flower of hope is withered!

Well may that lovely flower decay and die!
She calls in vain—she wipes her tears away:

Thou, rapid streamlet! they may fill, and roll
Over thy bosom—make thy bed of tears:
"I had adorned me for that faithless friend,
That faithless friend is fled:—He has stolen all—
All my possessions but my grief,—that grief
He left in mercy, if that grief can kill.
Come, Death! I veil me in thy shadows dim—
To thee I fly, as once I flew to him!"

The poetical style of Poland is eminently simple,* and seems undistinguished either by depth of passion or grandeur of soul. The transcripts are made from common nature, and with very little art beyond that which might be called copying the pattern. Even their mythology is not the fittest for elevated inspiration—

"The first and the highest deity to whom the Slavonians bowed in adoration and fear, and whose anger they appeased with victims, was the Thunderer *Piorun*, (Jupiter Tonans.) Two places appropriated to his worship are recorded in history. One was near Heiligenbeil in East Prussia, where he had a sacred grove. A constant fire was kept up where his image stood; and the oak under which it was placed is recorded to have been evergreen. The other place of his adoration was at Wilna. The hearth where victims were burnt to him is called *Zgłisko*. It is shown to the curious in the Cathedral under the High Altar, where some remainder of ashes are still extant. The God of War and Peace was worshipped under the shape of a sword. The White God was the giver of happiness; the Black, the author of misfortune. *Zywiec* was Goddess of Life and of Produce. *Morana*, Goddess of Death and of Harvest; a beautiful moral allegory, uniting at once the symbolical idea of Ceres and Proserpine. *Klimba*, the Goddess of Prophecy and of Fortune. *Lada*, the Goddess of Love. *Poswit*, the God of Winds. *Pagoda*, the Goddess of Fine Weather. They had also a God of Hospitality, *Radogost*, the only one who was worshipped in a covered temple, called *Gontina*. Other deities were worshipped in dark groves, in open fields, or on the summits of high mountains. Their religious rites are now entirely forgotten; and their names scarcely known by tradition. *Lada*, the Goddess of Love, has alone survived in the memory of our peasantry, along with the tender and unperishing feeling which she was supposed to kindle in human bosoms. On wedding-days her name is still chaunted in the ancient love-songs; but the original meaning of the word *Lada* is no more understood."

After discussing the popular and traditional poetry of the Slavonians, our author turns to their modern literature, and this branch he begins with a bull that would do honour to Munster. "The literary career (says he) of every nation has begun with tra-

* To gratify the curiosity of the reader, we give a very brief specimen of the Polish language and translation—

Oracz i Skowronek.

Juz spiewasz skowroneczku, juz tes i w orze,
Obudwu nas w robocie dwoie widzi zorze
Bóg pomóż skowroneczku, dodawaj nadzieie,
I dla ciebie i razem i dla siebie sieie.

The Ploughman and the Lark.

"Thou singest, my sweet lark, and I too begin to plough. The dawn and the twilight find us both at our labour—me at my plough, thee at thy song. God prosper, sweet songstress. Do thou also wish me success. 'Tis for me and for thee that I sow."

ditional poetry"—what conclusions he draws from such data cannot be material, though it leads to the fact that Lithuania was the European nation latest converted to Christianity—viz. near the end of the fourteenth century.

The next letter contains a pleasant abridgment of Dr. Connor's State of Learning in Poland, 1698; but we are more interested in its existing state than in its still darker forms at the time of John Sobieski, though even now it has little to claim the regards of nations more advanced—

... "Besides the translations from the French, there appeared occasionally, in periodical works, translations from the English, particularly of some papers from the Spectator. These short specimens were soon followed by translations of greater length, such as Johnson's *Rasselas*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*, *Paradise Regained*, Pope's *Essays on Criticism* and *Man*, and his *Rape of the Lock*, &c. The Poles appear to have perceived that a literature like the French, which mounts upon stately stilts, could not long be a guide for them in their more humble and natural walk, and inclined, therefore, to the more sober literature of the English. They possess now many Polish translations of Ossian's Poems: and, since the time of Krasicki and Tymieniecki, who first made their countrymen acquainted with them, they multiply almost daily, from the particular predilection of the young poets for this species of poetry. Shakespeare's Plays are, at this day, objects of study in Poland, and the principal pieces are frequently performed upon the stage at Warsaw, Wilna, Cracow, and Leopold. The attainment of the English language is greatly facilitated in Poland, there being public chairs for teaching it in the universities. The stock of translated English literature, consisting of specimens from Shakespeare, Dryden, Milton, Pope, Thomson, continually receives accessions from the more modern English poets."

"Savage foes, such as the Tartars, in the course of their inroads, consigned their libraries to the flames; the more civilized, such as the Swedes and Russians, carried them off to enrich their own collections. In consequence of this a great many scarce Polish books are now in Stockholm, and the whole library of Zaluski, at one time the largest in Poland, was, after the dismemberment of the country, carried to Petersburg, where it now remains, of little use to the Russians, though it would be of great importance in Poland."

Thus far behind almost all the rest of Europe in literature, it is not surprising to learn, that Poland never made any progress in the arts of statuary and architecture: in short, that people offer as little to attract the scholar, the artist, or the antiquarian, as can well be imagined, and consequently little to furnish forth a very attractive volume, even to skill more apprehensive than our author's.

"In the course of the last year the following English works appeared in Polish translations: Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, by Kłokocki; Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos*, by Count Ostrowski; his *Corsair*, and Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, both by Mr. Sienkiewicz; *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Brodzinski; Wordsworth's *We are Seven*, by Niemcewicz; Lord Byron's *Fare Thee Well*, Campbell's *Lochiel*, and some other pieces of similar description, and select episodes from larger poems, accompanied frequently by aesthetical remarks concerning their individual merits."

The Loyal and National Songs of England, selected from Original Manuscripts and early printed Copies in the Library of William Kitchiner, M.D. Folio. pp. 136. London 1823. Harst, Robinson & Co.

DR. KITCHINER seems resolved to revive the Admirable Creighton upon us, or to merit the eulogy on Goldsmith, *Nullum quod non ornarit tegerit*. From his Letters on Marriage, some dozen years ago, how many subjects has not he adorned! The moralist, inquiring into "the causes of the infidelity of the sexes," has been seen in the costume of the skillful physician, investigating, with equal intelligence, our physical ills, and prescribing the golden remedies contained in "Peptic Precepts;" and again, as if flying at one swoop to the extremities of science, and setting our bane as well as our antidote before us, "The Cook's Oracle" has emanated from his Apician pen, and we have been taught to live well in a sense entirely different from that understood by the moralist, or experimented by the medical professor. To an ordinary man, the latter topic would have proved enough; to an extra-ordinary writer the three subjects combined would have gratified the utmost ambition of versatility. But Dr. Kitchiner's genius was not to be so satisfied; and from ethics, medicine, and cookery, he has turned, with the facility of a master, to the "science of sweet sounds." As in all his other works, we discover in this a truly patriotic spirit: it is to vindicate the English nation from the charge of having no national music or song, that the worthy Doctor has girded up his loins like a man and a Briton. So far from acquiescing in this calumny, he asserts that England has produced musicians and lyrical bards as great as those boasted of by Ireland, Scotland or Wales; and he has published this first part of his Loyal Songs to rebuff the oft repeated aspersion, cast, till it has been almost universally believed, upon the melodious tongues and assenting ears of our ancestors.

How far he has succeeded in this task we shall not pretend to determine; but we will say, that if the fifty-seven tunes in this volume (selected from 250 folio volumes) are not all beautiful, they are almost all curious; and where they fail to enchant the listening circle, they may interest the musical antiquary. Yet it must be confessed that our national school of music is not very ancient. Even the Doctor himself has failed to establish the important point that it is, and few of his array of names go farther back than a single century. Thus, after Bird, Este, Morley and Locke, we come to Blow, Purcell, Eccles, Carey, Leveridge, Croft, Green, and Weldon; the next gradation taking in almost contemporaries, such as Boyce, Arne, Travers, &c. &c. With this strong fact before us, we fear we can hardly allow the Doctor's argument in support of a great National School of Music to be convincing. Indeed the strange vicissitudes of British history have rendered the formation of a peculiar music, such as might justly be styled national, almost an impossibility. The British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, Scottish, Dutch, and German mixture, of which we are made up, could produce nothing but a *Medley*,—and a mere medley our Music has been, is, and probably will for ever be.

It is but justice to the author to acknowledge that he has here done his best to have it otherwise, but the fates and the fiddles are all against him. The Preface, though en-

forcing at least one excellent doctrine,* is, we are sorry to say, poorly written: we mean that the style is so loose and ill constructed, as to be sometimes liable to very different interpretations from what the writer intends. Thus, for example, we are told that the Second Part is to comprize "the Naval Victories and Sea Songs of England;" by which is meant, we presume, the compositions in honour of our naval victories, &c. In spite of this slur there is a good deal of matter in the Doctor's remarks, and, as we have stated, of curiosity in his musical researches. God save the King he maintains, apparently beyond contradiction, to be of no older date than 1745,† or five years later than Arne's noble piece, *Rule Britannia*. These undoubtedly may be called national; but they are modern, and do not constitute a style, any more than the following air, attributed to Dr. Harrington, and the 22d in this collection—

"Cobweb breeches, hedge-hog saddles, jolting horses, stony roads, and tedious marches, to the enemies of Old England."

No. 29, "The brave men of Kent," is rather a local ballad, of no great merit, than a national air—witness the last verse:

The promised Land of blessing,
For our forefathers meant,
Is now in right possessing,
For Canaan sure was Kent:
The Dome, at Knoll, by Fame enroll'd,
The Church at Canterbury,
The hops, the beer, the cherries here,
May fill a famous story.

One of the best specimens both of music and words—(we do not wish to disparage the inspiring tune of the *British Grenadiers*, an anonymous composition of about forty years standing, nor the more effective provocative to bottom, the *Roast Beef of Old England*, by Leveridge, about 1730, who also set Black-eyed Susan)—is, we think, No. 33, ascribed to Jer. Clarke, about the year 1700, a song for the annual feast of St. George; and we quote it as a composition not much sung in the present day:

Twelve hundred years at least
Has St. George been our protector,
We show our gratitude in an annual feast;
In war and piety he's our patron and director;
But invocation is a superstitious jest.

All the world can't show the like Saint;
All the sacrifice that we expend
Is to drink fair, and to deal square,
And to love our friend.

Then this greeting, grateful meeting,
Let not Taffy, Teague nor Scot revile,
Drink for Saint George, fight for Saint George,
For Saint George and his favourite Isle.

With this quotation we bid adieu to our worthy friend the Doctor, who has our voice in his favour, and whom we shall be glad to take a part with again in his next publication.

* Viz. That "*Melody is the Soul of Music—Poetry is the Soul of Melody—the warbling of Sounds without the distinct articulation of Words—pronounced with proper Accent and Emphasis—does not deserve to be called Singing: it is merely playing upon the Voice—a Concerto on the Larynx, and comparatively as uninteresting, as a Frame—without a Picture.*"

† Briefly—the Art of Singing effectively,—is to Sing every word with the same Accent and Emphasis, as you would speak it."

† Dr. John Bull's "God save the King," about 1616, is here, and quite a different score.

BALLANTYNE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.

THE life of Walpole is less particularly given, and, as it originally appeared in an edition of the Castle of Otranto, we shall do nothing more than select two passages.

"The subjects of Horace Walpole's studies were, in a great measure, dictated by his habits of thinking and feeling operating upon an animated imagination, and a mind, acute, active, penetrating, and fraught with a great variety of miscellaneous knowledge. Travelling had formed his taste for the fine arts; but his early predilection in favour of birth and rank connected even those branches of study with that of Gothic history and antiquities. His *Anecdotes of Painting and Engraving* evince many marks of his favourite pursuits; but his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, and his *Historical Doubts*, we owe entirely to his pursuits as an antiquary and genealogist. The former work evinces, in a particular degree, Mr. Walpole's respect for birth and rank; yet is, perhaps, ill calculated to gain much sympathy for either. It would be difficult, by any process or principle of subdivision, to select a list of as many plebeian authors, containing so very few whose genius was worthy of commemoration; but it was always Walpole's foible to disclaim a professed pursuit of public favour, for which, however, he earnestly thirsted, and to hold himself forth as a privileged author, 'one of the right-hand file,' who did not mean to descend into the common arena, where professional authors contend before the public eye, but wrote merely to gratify his own taste, by throwing away a few idle hours on literary composition. There was much affectation in this, which accordingly met the reward which affectation usually incurs; as Walpole seems to have suffered a good deal from the criticism which he affected to despise, and occasionally from the neglect which he appeared to court.

— "In private life, his temper appears to have been precarious; and though expensive in indulging his own taste, he always seems to have done so on the most economical terms possible. He is often, in his epistolary correspondence, harsh and unkind to Madame Deffand, whose talents, her blindness, and her enthusiastic affection for him, claimed every indulgence from a warm-hearted man. He is also severe and rigid towards Bentley, whose taste and talents he had put into continual requisition for the ornaments of his house. These are unamiable traits of character, and they have been quoted and exaggerated. But his memory has suffered most on account of his conduct towards Chatterton, in which we have always thought he was perfectly defensible. That unhappy son of genius endeavoured to impose upon Walpole a few stanzas of very inferior merit, as ancient; and sent him an equally gross and palpable imposture under the shape of a pretended List of Painters. Walpole's sole crime lies in not patronizing at once a young man who only appeared before him in the character of a very inartificial impostor, though he afterwards proved himself a gigantic one. The fate of Chatterton lies, not at the door of Walpole, but of the public at large, who, two years (we believe) afterwards, were possessed of the splendid proofs of his natural powers, and any one of whom was as much called upon as Walpole to prevent the most unhappy catastrophe."

Clara Reeve, the ingenious authoress of the *Old English Baron*, &c. demands not so large a quotation. One example of general

criticism offers a fair extract, and shall suffice.

"He that would please the modern world, yet present the exact impression of a tale of the middle ages, will repeatedly find that he must, in spite of *spite*, sacrifice the last to the first object, and eternally expose himself to the just censure of the rigid antiquary, because he must; to interest the readers of the present time, invest his characters with language and sentiments unknown to that period; and thus his utmost efforts only attain a sort of composition between the true and the fictitious,—just as the dress of Lear, as performed on the stage, is neither that of a modern sovereign, nor the cerulean painting and bear-hide with which the Britons, at the time when that monarch is supposed to have lived, tattooed their persons, and sheltered themselves from cold. All this inconsistency is avoided by adopting the style of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers."

With these illustrations we again heartily commend this work to our readers.

HUNTER'S MEMOIRS.

So great were our Author's compunctions after deserting his Indian to save his European friends (as related in our last Number,) that he could not even endure the society of those he had rescued. Receiving a present of ammunition he left the party, and tells us,

"I journeyed nearly north, over a country which at first was level and partly composed of prairie-land, though afterwards it was somewhat hilly; and in the course of a few days struck upon the waters flowing, as I have since learned, into White River, at which I afterwards arrived, and gradually ascended in a northern direction till it became only a small stream.

"The prairie-lands I passed over were covered with a very luxuriant grazing vegetation, and afforded subsistence for exceedingly numerous herds of buffalo, elk, and deer.

"Rattlesnakes, both black and parti-coloured, were larger and more numerous than I had ever before seen; and they would infest the country, to a much greater extent, were it not for the hostility that exists between them and the deer.

"This animal on discovering a snake, as I have repeatedly witnessed, retreats some distance from it, then running with great rapidity alights with its collected feet upon it; and repeats this manœuvre till it has destroyed its enemy.

"The hunting season for furs had now gone by, and the time and labour necessary to procure food for myself was very considerable. I knew of no human being near me; my only companions were the grazing herds, the rapacious animals that preyed on them, the beaver and other animals that afforded pelts, and birds, fish, and reptiles. Notwithstanding this solitude, many sources of amusement presented themselves to me, especially after I had become somewhat familiarized to it. The country around was delightful, and I roved over it almost incessantly, in ardent expectation of falling in with some party of Indians, with whom I might be permitted to associate myself. Apart from the hunting that was essential to my subsistence, I practised various arts to take fish, birds, and small game, frequently bathed in the river, and took great pleasure in regarding the dispositions and habits of

such animals as were presented to my observations.

"The conflicts of the male buffalos and deer, the attack of the latter on the rattlesnake, the industry and ingenuity of the beaver in constructing its dam, &c. and the attacks of the panther on its prey, afforded much interest, and engrossed much time. Indeed, I have lain for half a day at a time in the shade to witness the management and policy observed by the ants in storing up their food, the manœuvres of the spider in taking its prey, the artifice of the mason-fly (Sphex) in constructing and storing its clayey cells, and the voraciousness and industry of the dragon-fly (Libellula) to satisfy its appetite. In one instance I vexed a rattlesnake till it bit itself, and subsequently saw it die from the poison of its own fangs. I also saw one strangled in the wreathed folds of its inveterate enemy the black snake. But in the midst of this extraordinary employment, my mind was far from being satisfied. I looked back with the most painful reflections on what I had been, and on the irreparable sacrifices I had made, merely to become an outcast, to be hated and despised by those I sincerely loved and esteemed. But however much I was disposed to be dissatisfied and quarrel with myself, the consolation of the most entire conviction that I had acted rightly always followed, and silenced my self-upbraidings. The anxieties and regrets about my nation, country, and kindred, for a long time held paramount dominion over all my feelings; but I looked unwaveringly to the Great Spirit, in whom experience had taught me to confide, and the tumultuous agitations of my mind gradually subsided into a calm: I became satisfied with the loneliness of my situation, could lie down to sleep among the rocks, ravines, and ferns, in careless quietude, and hear the wolf and panther prowling around me; and almost feel the venomous reptiles seeking shelter and repose under my robe with sensations bordering on indifference.

"In one of my excursions, while seated in the shade of a large tree, situated on a gentle declivity, with a view to procure some mitigation from the oppressive heat of the mid-day sun, I was surprised by a tremendous rushing noise. I sprang up, and discovered a herd, I believe, of a thousand buffalos running at full speed directly towards me; with a view, as I supposed, to beat off the flies, which at this season are inconceivably troublesome to those animals.

"I placed myself behind the tree, so as not to be seen, not apprehending any danger; because they ran with too great rapidity, and too closely together, to afford any one of them an opportunity of injuring me, while protected in this manner.

"The buffalos passed so near me on both sides, that I could have touched several of them merely by extending my arm. In the rear of the herd was one on which a huge panther had fixed, and was voraciously engaged in cutting off the muscles of its neck. I did not discover this circumstance till it had nearly passed beyond rifle-shot distance, when I discharged my piece, and wounded the panther. It instantly left its hold on the buffalo, and bounded with great rapidity towards me. On witnessing the result of my shot, the apprehensions I suffered can scarcely be imagined. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to retreat and secrete myself behind the trunk of the tree, opposite to its

approaching direction. Here, solicited for what possibly might be the result of my unfortunate shot, I prepared both my knife and tomahawk, for what I supposed a deadly conflict with this terrible animal. In a few moments, however, I had the satisfaction to hear it in the branches of the tree over my head. My rifle had just been discharged, and I entertained fears that I could not reload it, without discovering and yet exposing myself to the fury of its destructive rage. I looked into the tree with the utmost caution, but could not perceive it, though its groans and vengeance-breathing growls told me that it was not far off, and also what I had to expect, in case it should discover me. In this situation, with my eyes almost constantly directed upwards to observe its motion, I silently loaded my rifle, and then creeping softly round the trunk of the tree, saw my formidable enemy resting on a considerable branch, about thirty feet from the ground, with his side fairly exposed. I was unobserved, took deliberate aim, and shot it through the heart. It made a single bound from the tree to the earth, and died in a moment afterwards. I reloaded my rifle before I ventured to approach it, and even then, not without some apprehension. I took its skin, and was, with the assistance of fire and smoke, enabled to preserve and dress it. I name this circumstance, because it afterwards afforded a source for some amusement: for I used frequently to array myself in it, as near as possible to the costume and form of the original, and surprise the herds of buffalos, elk, and deer, which, on my approach, uniformly fled with great precipitation and dread.

"On several occasions, when I waked in the morning, I found a rattlesnake coiled up close along side of me: some precaution was necessarily used to avoid them. In one instance I lay quiet till the snake saw fit to retire; in another, I rolled gradually and imperceptibly two or three times over, till out of its reach. And in another, where the snake was still more remote, but in which we simultaneously discovered each other, I was obliged, while it was generously warning me of the danger I had to fear from the venomous potency of its fangs, to kill it with my tomahawk. These reptiles, as before observed, especially in stony grounds, are very numerous: the black ones are short and thick, but the parti-coloured ones are very large and long. I saw many that would, I am certain, have measured seven or eight feet in length. They are not, however, considered by the Indians so poisonous as the former; but, from the distance they are able to strike, and the great depth of the wounds they inflict, they are much the most to be dreaded. They never attack till after they have alarmed the object of their fears, and on account of this conceived magnanimity of character, the Indians very seldom destroy them. Indeed, so much do they esteem them for this trait, that I have known several instances in which the occupants of a wigwam have temporarily resigned its use, without fear or molestation, to one of these visitants who had given due notice of his arrival. The regard the Indians have for this snake has been illiberally construed into an idolatrous veneration; which is far from being the case. Bravery, generosity, and magnanimity, form most important traits in the character of the warrior; and the practice of these qualities is much more strictly inculcated in early life, and observed

in maturer years by them, than are the commands of the Decalogue by the respective sects which profess to believe in and obey them. It is from impressions arising from these sources that the Indian, surrounded by his most bitter enemies, and the implements of cruel and vindictive torture, derives his consolation, and is enabled, when put to the most severe trials and excruciating pains, to bear them without complaint; nay more, to scorn the feeble efforts of his enemies, to make him swerve from his character, and to despise death unequivocally, approaching in its most terrific form. The same impressions teach him to respect those who also possess them, even though such should be his most implacable and deadly foes. Hence is derived the respect they show the rattlesnake; whose character, as before observed, they have construed into a resemblance to these qualities; and I can assure my readers, as far as my knowledge extends, whatever other people and nations may do, that the Indians adore and worship only the Great Spirit.

"In the solitary and roving manner before noticed, I passed several moons on a number of small streams, which flowed into White River."

From this strange solitary life, than the picture of which we do not remember any thing more striking in any poet, the author was turned by the arrival of some French hunters, with whom he once more visited a White Settlement. His civilization now went rapidly on, considering how little removed in that respect his new associates were above his old. He was taught to read, and instructed in the other rudiments of education; adopted the costume of the Whites, and devoted his ardent mind to the acquisition of knowledge. His skill in hunting made him a man of substance; but his savage simplicity exposed him to the impositions of the civilized, who did not, as it appears, throw away their opportunities. At one place, he mentions,

"I became acquainted with an elderly French woman, named Mashon, who took great pains to instruct me to read, and to convert me to the Roman Catholic faith. I made some progress in the former; but with respect to the latter, notwithstanding her zeal in the pious office was unremitting, I made no proficiency. My mind was too strongly prejudiced by early education to yield either to her persuasions or arguments. I worshipped the Great Spirit, and entertained too exalted an opinion of his attributes to consent to exchange the adoration of him for that of a small ivory crucifix, the symbol of her faith, with which she had gratuitously presented me, as I supposed for that purpose.

"Finding all her labours to convert me of no avail, in the most fervent manner she pronounced me a heretic unworthy of the blessings of the Gospel, and gave me over to the buffetings of the father of sin; notwithstanding which, and the efforts she made to inflame my mind against the Americans, on account of the heresies of their religion, I still feel a regard for her memory, because she first taught me the elements of the English language, and because I believe her conduct proceeded from pure, though mistaken motives, having my spiritual welfare singly in view.

"According to a previous agreement which I had made with Tibbs and Warren, I started

in their company up the west fork of the St. Francis river, on a hunting and trading excursion, where we passed the whole of that hunting season. In the spring, we descended the river to its junction with the Mississippi, and proceeded down to Natches, where we disposed of our furs. My part of the proceeds came to rising eleven hundred dollars; the most of which I deposited for safe keeping in the hands of Doctor Sanderson, a very respectable physician of that place. Soon afterwards I engaged, in company with the above named Tibbs and Warren, in the capacity of boatman, with some Kentuckians who were short of help, and continued down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Here new scenes for both my admiration and disgust presented themselves to view. The arrangement, comparative elegance, and number of buildings; the magnitude, finish, and great collection of ships or vessels; the vast multitude of people, and the extent and bustle of business, excited the former; while the tumultuous revelry, intemperance, and debauchery of the boatmen and sailors, the abandoned demeanour of some unfortunate females, and the assemblage of a filthy multitude of blacks and whites, motley in all the intermediate shades, scarcely submitting to any moral restraints, and degraded in servitude and its concomitant vices, too low to be associated in the scale of rational human beings, were but too well calculated to produce the latter. The first occasioned reflections corresponding with the peculiarity and extraordinary grandeur of their character, while the hideousness and deformity of the latter, caused me again to sigh for the woody retreats and uncontaminated manners of the tawny children of the wilderness."

His further progress need hardly be detailed, as readers may readily conceive how, between hunting and studying, his mind would arrive at European intelligence. This he now possesses in an eminent degree, so that his acquisitions might put to shame thousands who have been "in-land bred."*

* As a curious specimen of manners and language, we may insert the answer of Mr. Hunter to our inquiry as to the origin and varieties of his name of "The Hunter" in various languages. He tells us, "An Indian takes his name from remarkable events connected with his life; consequently he has frequently as many names in the course of a long life as he has experienced such occurrences. I have had several, though not derived from any very important circumstances or praiseworthy deeds, though none dishonourable. Among the Kickapoo, my name, Kosh-he-ga, New Relation or Strange Brother: Among the Kansas, Ra-bash-hee. Then passing to the Osages, I received the name of Neah-kee-faw, or the Falling River, because it was at a place of that kind we met and exchanged the peace Wampum, and became friends. Becoming at length more expert in the chase, I was awarded the name, in

Osage, of.....	O-ga ton-gu
Kansas.....	Shu-sha-ga
Pawnee.....	Pou-to-ke-u
Ottawa.....	Krou-she
Maha.....	Pa-ka
Missouri.....	Om-pa-nah
Quapaw.....	Ea-to-shah
Cherokee.....	Sho-gus-tee
Chickasaw.....	Wa-ska-le-pew-teeh
Creek.....	Tal-pa-ho-kee
Choctaw.....	Chuk-le-na-tah
Chippewas.....	He-ke-me-nah
Sau-kias.....	O-hee
Zozos.....	She-tee-high
Potawatomics.....	Num-pee."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF TWO CHARACTERS
IN FEVER OF THE PEAK.

(Concluded.)

A MANDATE by Charles, 8th Earl of Derby, dated at Latham in September 1662, after descending on the heinous sin of rebellion, "aggravated by its being instrumental¹ in the death of the Lord; and stating that he is himself concerned to revenge a father's blood," orders William Christian to be proceeded against forthwith, for all his illegal actions at, before, or after, the year 1651, (a pretty sweeping range.) The indictment charges him with "being the head of an insurrection against the Countess of Derby in 1651, assuming the power unto himself, and depriving her Ladyship, his Lordship, and heirs thereof."

A series of depositions appear on record from the 3d to the 13th October, and a reference by the precious depositaries of justice of that day to the twenty-four Keys.² "Whether upon the examination taken and read before, you find Mr. W. Christian, of Ronaldsway, within compass of the statute of the year 1422, that is to receive a sentence without quest, or to be tried in the ordinary course of law." This body, designated on the record "so many of the Keys as were then present," were in number seventeen; but not being yet sufficiently select to approve of sentence without trial, made their return, To be tried by course of law.

On the 26th November, it is recorded, that the Governor and Attorney General having proceeded to the gaol "with a guard of soldiers, to require him (Christian) to the bar to receive his trial, he refused, and denied to come, and abide the same—(admirable courtesy to invite, instead of bringing him to the bar!) Whereupon the Governor demanded the law of Deemster Norris, who then sat in judgment. Deemster John Christian having not appeared, and Mr. Edward Christian,³ his son, and assistant, having also forborne to sit in this Court, he the said Deemster Norris craved the advice and assistance of the twenty-four Keys; and the said Deemster and Keys deemed the law therein, to wit, that he is at the mercy of the Lord for life and goods."

It will be observed, that seven of the Keys were formerly absent, on what account we shall presently see. All this was very cleverly arranged by the following recorded order, 29th December—"These of the twenty-four Keys are removed of that Company, in reference to my Honourable Lord's order in that behalf;" enumerating seven names, not of the seventeen before mentioned, and seven others who "are

¹ See the remark in Christian's dying speech, that the late Earl had been executed eight days before the insurrection.

² The court for criminal trials was composed of the governor and council (including the deemsters) and the keys, who also, with the Lord, composed the three branches of the legislative body; and it was the practice in cases of doubt to refer points of customary law to the deemsters and keys.

³ The grandson of Evan. It appears by the proceedings of the King in council, 1663, that "he did, when the court refused to admit of the deceased William Christian's plea of the Act of indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and came to England to solicit his Majesty, and implore his justice."

sworn in their places." The judicature is further improved by transferring an eighth individual of the first seventeen to the council, and filling his place with another proper person. These facts have been related with some minuteness of detail for two reasons: 1st, Although nearly equalled by some of the subsequent proceedings, they would not be credited on common authority; and 2d, They render all comment unnecessary, and prepare the reader for any judgment, however extraordinary, to be expected from such a tribunal.

Then come the proceedings of the 29th December—the Proposals, as they are named, to the Deemsters,⁴ and twenty-four Keys now assembled, "to be answered in point of law." "1st, Any malefactor, &c. being indicted, &c. and denying to abide the law of his country in that course, (notwithstanding any argument or plea he may offer for himself,) and thereupon deemed to forfeit body and goods, &c. whether he may afterwards obtain the same benefit, &c. &c.;" to which, on the same day, they answered in the negative. It was found practicable, on the 31st, to bring the prisoner to the bar, to hear his sentence of being "shot to death, that thereupon his life may depart from his body," which sentence was executed on the 2d of January 1663.

That he made "an excellent speech" at the place of execution, is recorded, where we should little expect to find it, in the Parochial Register; the accuracy of that which has been preserved as such in the family of a clergyman, (and appears to have been printed on or before 1776,⁵) rests chiefly on internal evidence; and on its accordance, in some material points, with facts suppressed or distorted in the Records, but established in the proceedings of the Privy Council. It is therefore given without abbreviation, and the material points of evidence in the voluminous depositions on both trials⁶ are extracted for reference in a note.⁷

⁴ The commissioners of 1791 are in doubt regarding the time when, and the manner in which, the keys were first elected: this notable precedent had perhaps not fallen under their observation.

⁵ Hugh Cannel was now added as a second deemster.

⁶ One of the copies in my possession is stated to be transcribed in that year from the printed speech, the other as stated in the text.

⁷ Both trials: the first is for the same purposes as the English grand jury, with this most especial difference, that evidence is admitted for the prisoner, and it thus becomes what it is frequently called, the first trial; the second, if the indictment be found, is in all respects like that by petty jury in England.

⁸ This testimony will of course be received with due suspicion, and confronted with the only defence known, that of his dying speech. It goes to establish that Christian had placed himself at the head of an association bound by a secret oath; to "withstand the Lady of Derby in her designs until she had yielded or condescended to their aggressions;" among which aggressions, during the Earl's residence, we find, incidentally noticed, "the troop that was in the Isle and their free quarterage;" that he had represented her ladyship to have deceived him, by entering into negotiations with the parliament, contrary to her promise to communicate with him in such a case; that Christian and his associates declared that she was about to sell them for twopence or threepence a-piece; that he told his associates, that he had entered into correspondence with Major Fox and the parliament, and received their authority to raise the country; that

The last Speech of William Christian, Esq. who was executed 2d January, 1662-3:

"Gentlemen, and the rest of you who have accompanied me this day to the gate of death, I know you expect I should say something at my departure; and indeed I am in some measure willing to satisfy you, having not had the least liberty, since my imprisonment, to acquaint any with the sadness of my sufferings, which flesh and blood could not have endured without the power and assistance of my most gracious and good God, into whose hands I do now commit my poor soul, not doubting but that I shall very quickly be in the arms of my mercy.

"I am, as you now see, hurried hither by the power of a pretended court of justice, the members whereof, or at least the greatest part of them, are by no means qualified, but very ill besitting their new places. The reasons you may give yourselves.

"The cause for which I am brought hither, as the prompted and threatened jury has de-

livered, is high treason against the Countess Dowager of Derby, for that I did, as they say, in the year fifty-one, raise a force against her for the suppressing and rooting out that family. How unjust the accusation is, very few of you that hear me this day but can witness; and that the then rising of the people, in which afterwards I came to be engaged, did not at all, or in the least degree, intend the prejudice or ruin of that family; the chief whereof being, as you well remember, dead eight days, or thereabout, before that action happened. But the true cause of that rising, as the jury did twice bring in, was to present grievances to our Honourable Lady; which was done by me, and afterwards approved by her Ladyship, under the hand of her then Secretary, M. Trevach, who is yet living, which agreement hath since, to my own ruin and my poor family's endless sorrow, been forced from me. The Lord God forgive them the injustice of their dealings with me, and I wish from my heart it may not be laid to their charge another day.

"You now see me here a sacrifice ready to be offered up for that which was the preservation of your lives and fortunes, which were then in hazard, but that I stood between you and your (then in all appearance) utter ruin. I wish you still may, as hitherto, enjoy the sweet benefit and blessing of peace, though from that minute until now I have still been prosecuted and persecuted, nor have I ever since found a place to rest myself in. But my God be for ever blessed and praised, who hath given me so large a measure of patience!

"What services I have done for that Noble Family, by whose power I am now to take my latest breath, I dare appeal to themselves, whether I have not deserved better things from some of them, than the sentence of my bodily destruction, and seizure of the poor estate my son ought to enjoy, being purchased and left him by his grandfather. It might have been much better had I not spent it in the service of my Honourable Lord of Derby and his family; these things I need not mention to you, for that most of you are witnesses to it. I shall now beg your patience while I tell you here, in the presence of God, that I never in all my life acted any thing with intention to prejudice my Sovereign Lord the King, nor the late Earl of Derby, nor the now Earl; yet notwithstanding, being in England at the time of his sacred Majesty's happy restoration, I went to London, with many others, to have a sight of my gracious King, whom God preserve, and whom until then I never had seen. But I was not long there when I was arrested upon an action of twenty thousand pounds, and clapped up in the Fleet; unto which action, I being a stranger, could give no bail, but was there kept nearly a whole year. How I suffered God he knows; but at last, having gained my liberty, I thought good to advise with several gentlemen concerning his Majesty's gracious Act of Indemnity, that was then set forth, in which I thought myself concerned; unto which, they told me, there was no doubt to be made but that all actions committed in the Isle of Man, relating in any kind to the war, were pardoned by the Act of Indemnity, and all other places within his Majesty's dominions and countries. Whereupon, and having been forced to absent myself from my poor wife and children near three years, being all that time under persecution, I did with great content and satisfaction return into this Island, hoping then to receive the comfort and sweet enjoyment of my friends and poor family.

in consequence of this insurrection her ladyship appointed commissioners to treat with others "on the part of the country," and articles of agreement were concluded (see the speech) which no where now appear; that on the appearance of Duckenfield's ships, standing for Ramsay Bay, one of the insurgents boarded them off Douglas, "to give intelligence of the condition of the country;" that the disposable troops marched under the governor, Sir Philip Musgrave, for Ramsay; that when the shipping had anchored, a deputation of three persons, viz. John Christian, Ewan Curphey, and William Standish, proceeded on board, to negotiate for the surrender of the island (where William was does not appear.) The destruction of the articles of agreement, and the silence of the records regarding the relative strength of the forces, leaves us without the means of determining the degree of merit or demerit to be ascribed to these negotiators, or the precise authority under which they acted; but the grievances to be redressed, are cleared from every obscurity by the all-sufficient testimony of the terms demanded from the victors, "that they might enjoy their lands and liberties as formerly they had; and that it was demanded whether they asked any more, but nothing else was demanded that this examinant heard of."

The taking of Loyal Fort near Ramsay, (commanded by a Major Duckenfield, who was made prisoner,) and of Peel Castle, appear on record; but nothing could be found regarding the surrender of Castle Rushen, or of the Countess of Derby's subsequent imprisonment. Had the often repeated tale, of William Christian having "treacherously seized upon the lady and her children, with the governors of both castles, in the middle of the night"—(Roll's History of the Isle of Man, published in 1773, p. 89)—rested on the slightest semblance of truth, we should inevitably have found an attempt to prove it in the proceedings of this mock trial. In the absence of authentic details, the tradition may be adverted to, that her ladyship, on learning the proceedings at Ramsay, hastened to embark in a vessel she had prepared, but was intercepted before she could reach it. The same uncertainty exists with regard to any negotiations on her part, with the officers of the parliament, as affirmed by the insurgents; the Earl's first letter, after his capture and before his trial, says, "Truly, as matters go, it will be best for you to make conditions for yourself, children, and friends, in the manner as we have proposed, or as you can farther agree with Col. Duckenfield; who being so much a gentleman born, will doubtless, for his own honor, deal fairly with you." (He seems also to have hoped at that time that it might influence his own fate: and the eloquent and affecting letter written immediately before his execution, repeats the same admonitions to treat.)—Roll. p. 74 and 84.

But alas! I have fallen into the snare of the fowler; but my God shall ever be praised,—though he kill me, yet will I trust in him.

"I may justly say no man in this Island knows better than myself the power the Lord Derby hath in this island, subordinate to his sacred Majesty, of which I have given a full account in my declaration presented to my judges, which I much fear will never see light,⁹ which is no small trouble to me.

"It was his Majesty's most gracious Act of Indemnity gave me the confidence and assurance of my safety; on which, and an appeal I made to his sacred Majesty and Privy Council, from the unjustness of the proceedings had against me, I did much rely, being his Majesty's subject here, and a denizen of England both by birth and fortune. And in regard I have disobeyed the power of my Lord of Derby's Act of Indemnity, which you now look upon, and his Majesty's Act cast out as being of no force, I have with greater violence been persecuted; yet nevertheless I do declare, that no subject whatever can or ought to take upon them acts of indemnity but his sacred Majesty only, with the confirmation of Parliament.

"It is very fit I should say something as to my education and religion. I think I need not inform you, for you all know, I was brought up a son of the Church of England, which was at that time in her splendour and glory; and to my endless comfort I have ever since continued a faithful member,—witness several of my actions in the late times of liberty. And as for government, I never was against monarchy, which now, to my soul's great satisfaction, I have lived to see is settled and established. I am well assured that men of upright life and conversation may have the favourable countenance of our gracious King, under whose happy government God, of his infinite mercy, long continue these his kingdoms and dominions. And now I do most heartily thank my good God that I have had so much liberty and time to disburden myself of several things that have laid heavy upon me all the time of my imprisonment, in which I have not had time, or liberty, to speak or write any of my thoughts; and from my soul I wish all animosity may after my death be quite laid aside, and my death by none be called in question; for I do freely forgive all that have had any hand in my persecution; and may our good God preserve you all in peace and quiet the remainder of your days.

"Be ye all of you his Majesty's liege people, loyal and faithful to his sacred Majesty; and according to your oath of faith and fealty to my Honourable Lord of Derby, do you likewise, in all just and lawful ways, observe his commands; and know that you must one day give an account of all your deeds. And now the blessing of Almighty God be with you all, and preserve you from violent death, and keep you in peace of conscience all your days.

"I will now hasten, for my flesh is willing to be dissolved, and my spirit to be with God, who hath given me full assurance of his mercy and pardon for all my sins, of which his unspeakable goodness and loving-kindness my poor soul is exceedingly satisfied."

Note.—Here he fell upon his knees, and passed some time in prayer; then rising exceedingly cheerful, he addressed the soldiers appointed for his execution, saying—"Now

for you, who are appointed by lot my executioners, I do freely forgive you." He requested them and all present to pray for him; adding, "There is but a thin veil betwixt me and death; once more I request your prayers, for now I take my last farewell."

The soldiers wished to bind him to the spot on which he stood. He said, "Trouble not yourselves or me; for I that dare face death in whatever form he comes, will not start at your fire and bullets; nor can the power you have deprive me of my courage." At his desire a piece of white paper was given him, which with the utmost composure he pinned to his breast, to direct them where to aim; and after a short prayer addressed the soldiers thus—"Hit this, and you do your own and my work." And presently after, stretching forth his arms, which was the signal he gave them, he was shot through the heart and fell.

Edward Christian, the nephew, and George, the son of the deceased, lost no time in appealing to his Majesty in Council against this judicial murder; and George was furnished with an order "to pass and repass," &c. "and bring with him such records and persons as he should desire, to make out the truth of his complaint." Edward returned with him to the Island for that purpose; for we find him, in April 1663, compelled, in the true spirit of the day, to give bond "that he would at all times appear and answer to such charges as might be preferred against him, and not depart the Isle without licence." George was prevented, by various contrivances, from serving the King's order; but on presenting a second petition, the Governor, Deemster, and Members of Council, were brought up to London by a Serjeant at Arms; and these six persons, together with the Earl of Derby, being compelled to appear, a full hearing took place before the King in person, the Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chief Baron, and other Members of Council; judgment was extended on the 6th August, and that judgment was on the 14th of the same month ordered "to be printed in folio, in such manner as Acts of Parliament are usually printed, and his Majesty's Arms prefixed."

This authentic document designates the persons brought up as "Members of the pretended Court of Justice;" declares "that the general Act of Pardon and Amnesty did extend to the Isle of Man, and ought to have been taken notice of by the Judges in that Island, although it had not been pleaded; that the Court refused to admit the deceased William Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity," &c. "Full restitution is ordered to be made to his heirs of all his estates, real and personal." Three or other persons, "who were by the same Court of Justice imprisoned, and their estates seized and confiscated without any legal trial," are ordered, together with the Christians, "to be restored to all their estates, real and personal, and to be fully repaired in all the charges and expenses which they have been at since their first imprisonment, as well in the prosecution of this business as in their journey hither, or in any other way thereunto relating." The mode of raising funds for the purposes of this restitution is equally peculiar and instructive: these "sums of money are ordered to be furnished by the Deemsters, Members, and Assistants of the said Court of

Justice," who are directed "to raise and make due payment thereof to the parties."

"And to the end that the blood that has been unjustly spilt may in some sort be expiated," &c. the Deemsters are ordered to be committed to the King's Bench to be proceeded against, &c. &c. and receive condign punishment. [It is believed that this part of the order was afterwards relaxed or rendered nugatory.] The three Members of Council were released on giving security to appear, if required, and to make the restitution ordered. "And in regard that Edward Christian, being one of the Deemsters or Judges in the Isle of Man, did, when the Court refused to admit of the deceased W. Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and come to England to solicit his Majesty and implore his justice, It is ordered that the Earl of Derby do forthwith, by commission, &c. restore and appoint him as Deemster, so to remain and continue, &c. (which order was disobeyed.) And lastly, that Henry Nowell, Deputy Governor, whose fault hath been the not complying with, and yielding due obedience to, the order¹¹ of his Majesty and this Board sent unto the Island" (O most lame and impotent conclusion!) "be permitted to return to the Isle, and enforce the present Order of the King in Council."

Of the Earl of Derby no farther mention occurs in this document. The sacrifices made by this noble family in support of the royal cause, drew a large share of indulgence over the exceptional parts of their conduct; but the mortification necessarily consequent on this appeal, the incessant complaints of the people, and the difficulty subsequently experienced by them in obtaining access to a superior tribunal, receive a curious illustration in an order of the king in council, dated 20th August 1670, on a petition of the Earl of Derby, "that the clerk of the council in waiting receive no petition, appeal or complaint, against the lord or government of the Isle of Man, without having first good security from the complainant to answer costs, damages and charges." The historical notices of this kingdom¹² of Lilliput are curious and instructive with reference to other times and different circumstances, and they have seemed to require little comment or antiquarian remark; but to condense what may be collected with regard to Edward Christian, the accomplished villain of Peveril; the insinuations of his accuser¹³ constitute in themselves an abundant defence. When so little can be imputed by such an adversary, the character must indeed be invulnerable. Tradition ascribes to him nothing but what is amiable, patriotic, honorable and good, in all the relations of public and private life. He died, after an imprisonment of seven or eight years, the victim of incorrigible obstinacy according to one, of ruthless tyranny, according to another vocabulary; but resembling the character of the novel in nothing but unconquerable courage.

Treachery and ingratitude have been heaped

¹¹ Tradition, in accordance with the ditty of William Dhône, says that the order to stop proceedings and suspend the sentence arrived on the day preceding that of his execution.

¹² Earl James, although studious of kingcraft, assigns good reasons for having never pretended to assume that title, and among others, "Nor doth it please a king that any of his subjects should too much love that name, were it but to act in a play."—Peck, 436.

¹³ Peck.

⁹ The apprehension was but too correct.

¹⁰ Ewan Culphey, Samuel Ratcliffe, and John Caesar, men of considerable landed property.

on the memory of William Christian with sufficient profusion. Regarding the first of these crimes: if all that has been affirmed or insinuated in the mock trial, rested on a less questionable basis, posterity would scarcely pronounce an unanimous verdict, of moral and political guilt, against an association to subvert such a government as is described by its own author. The peculiar favours for which he or his family were ungrateful, are not to be discovered in these proceedings; except, indeed, in the form of "the chastisements of the Almighty—blessings in disguise." But if credit be given to the dying words of William Christian, his efforts were strictly limited to a redress of grievances,—a purpose always criminal in the eye of the oppressor. If he had lived and died on a larger scene, his memory would probably have survived among the patriots and the heroes. In some of the manuscript narratives he is designated as a martyr for the rights and liberties of his countrymen; who add, in their homely manner, that he was condemned without trial, and murdered without remorse.

We have purposely abstained from all attempt to enlist the passions in favour of the sufferings of a people, or in detestation of oppressions, which ought, perhaps, to be ascribed as much to the character of the times as to that of individuals. The naked facts of the case (unaided by the wild and plaintive notes in which the maidens of the isle were wont to bewail "the heart rending death of fair-haired William,") are sufficient of themselves to awaken the sympathy of every generous mind; and it were a more worthy exercise of that despotic power over the imagination, so eminently possessed by the great unknown, to emblazon the remembrance of two such men in his immortal pages, than to load their memories with crimes, such as no human being ever committed.

14 The literal translation given to me by a young lady.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The subject of Dr. ROGET's tenth Lecture was the Comparative Physiology of Birds—a class which is very distinctly marked as a separate division of the animal kingdom. From the adjoining class of Reptiles, the transition to that of Birds is abrupt; and the line of demarcation is not interrupted by any of those anomalous creatures which, in other cases, present themselves as intervening links in the chain of animal gradation. We pass at once from cold-blooded animals to those which maintain an elevated temperature; from the sluggish habits and constitutional apathy of the Reptile, to the highly active and vivacious Bird, whose life is full of varied enjoyment, and displays the greatest energy in all the purely vital functions. The blood circulates with redoubled vigour; respiration acts a more essential part in the economy; the senses are adapted to a wide range of perceptions; and every part of the frame is calculated for velocity of motion in the element, which gives the least resistance to moving bodies. Birds manifest an extraordinary degree of instinct in all their habits, more especially in the construction of their nests, the care of their young, and the conduct of their migrations. But in the power and capacity of their intellect they are still much inferior to the Mammalia; and it would appear that the organization of that part of

the brain, which is subservient to the exercise of the mental faculties, is not yet sufficiently perfect to admit of the intelligence and sagacity which we observe in the class most nearly allied to our own species. The last finish is not yet given to the brain and nervous system, and an immense interval remains between the constitution of these organs in birds and in the more perfect quadrupeds.

It is remarkable that the largest birds have generally the smallest proportion of brain to the whole body; and some of the small birds have brains which are larger, when compared with the size of the body, than in any other animal, not excepting Man himself. Thus, while the weight of the human brain is about the 25th part of that of the body, the brain of the Canary-bird is nearly one 14th of that of the body. Hence, in this class of animals, the comparative size of the brain is in no respect an indication of the perfection of their intellectual faculties.

Dr. ROGET entered into an account of the physiology of the senses in birds. They appear to excel all the other classes in the perfection of their sight. An ample field of vision is obtained by the lateral position of the eye, and by the projection of the cornea, so that they take in nearly the whole sphere. Birds have also a most extensive range of sight as to distance. Dr. ROGET described the peculiarities in the structure of their eyes, intended to facilitate the changes in the refractive powers of those organs, which adapt them to the varying divergences in the rays of light proceeding from objects at different distances. The structure of the eyes of birds is in all these respects strikingly contrasted with those of fishes. The power of rapid flight seems to require the possession of a corresponding range of vision, showing the animal at once the object of its pursuit, and the obstacles to be avoided in its progress. Some other peculiarities were also noticed, such as the bony scales, which are placed round the margin of the cornea, and which have been supposed to be moved by muscles, the action of which could be rendered sensible by the stimulus of galvanism. Dr. ROGET stated that he had seen the experiment tried with every possible care, but without any such result being obtained. The Pecten, or Marsupium, which is a dark-coloured membrane, thrown into numerous folds, and extending between the termination of the optic nerve, through the vitreous humour to the crystalline lens, has been supposed capable of altering the position of the lens, so as to effect the necessary adjustments for distinct vision; but this explanation is liable to many serious difficulties. Birds, like reptiles, possess a membrana nictitans, or internal eyelid; in the Eagle it is semi-transparent, and secures the eye from the effects of intense light. It is by the protection thus afforded to the eye that the Eagle can look steadfastly at the sun.

Birds also possess the sense of hearing in great perfection. The arrangement of feathers supplying the place of an external ear in nocturnal birds of prey, the valvular opening of the passage to the internal ear, and the structure of the cochlea and semicircular canals, were described. The organs of smell were next considered; and an account given of the experiments of Professor Scarpa towards establishing a scale of comparative perfection in different birds as to their enjoyment of this sense, and from which he deduces the

exact accordance of the sensibility of the organ with the extent of surface on which the olfactory nerves are distributed. The sense of taste in birds is much less perfect than that of smell; and the form of the body and nature of its covering are ill fitted for the acquisition of any delicate perceptions of touch.

The physiology of the nutritive functions was next investigated. Birds, it was observed, subsist upon various kinds of food; but with a view to preserve that lightness in the body, which is so necessary in an animal intended for flight, that species of food is selected which contains most nourishment in the smallest bulk. Most birds live upon animal food, whether flesh, fish, or insects; those which feed on vegetable aliment consume more especially the seeds, berries, or fruits, which are the most nutritious parts of plants. The beak and mouth are formed for seizing and immediately swallowing the food; no instruments are provided for its mastication; and from the observation of the shape and structure of the bill, we may determine with tolerable precision what is the natural food of each species. Several examples were given illustrating the relation which is universally found to subsist between them. The bones of the upper jaw are moveable upon those of the skull, as well as the lower jaw; and in order to facilitate these motions, two additional bones are provided as the media of connexion. These movements of the upper jaw are particularly conspicuous in the Parrot tribe.

The great capacity of the oesophagus, and the uses to which this structure is subservient; the enormous pouch attached to the lower jaw of the Pelican; the membranous reservoir communicating with the throat of the Bustard, and capable of holding seven quarts of water; the dilatations of the tube, termed the crop and craw, and which are of considerable size in the Pigeon, were severally explained. Great variety exists as to the form and structure of the stomach in birds. In those which live altogether on flesh or fish, and other substances of soft texture and rapid solution, the stomach is thin and membranous; those, on the other hand, which feed on grain, are furnished with a thick muscular stomach, called the gizzard, and constituting an apparatus very similar to a mill for grinding corn. Dr. ROGET detailed some of the results of the curious experiments made by the Members of the Academy del Cimento, and afterwards by Reaumur and Spallanzani, on the force which the gizzard exerts while triturating its contents. The action of this organ is assisted by the stones and pebbles which the animal swallows with its food, apparently for this purpose.

The circulation of the blood is carried on in all warm-blooded animals upon a plan entirely different from that followed in the cold-blooded tribes. In reptiles the pulmonary arteries branch off from the trunk of that system which distributes the blood to the body generally, and they therefore transmit to the lungs only a part of the whole mass of blood: there is here, properly speaking, only one circulation. But in birds and mammalia the pulmonary vessels are entirely distinct from the other vessels; there is a double circulation, a double set of cavities in the heart, and a double set of arteries and veins, each appropriated to carry on its respective circulation.

Respiration is effected with peculiar energy

in birds, and the mechanism by which it is performed is one quite peculiar to this class. The lungs are compact, and bound down by membranes to the back and sides of the chest, so as to be insusceptible of dilatation or contraction. The trachea, having descended into the chest, divides into two branches, one going to the lungs on each side, where they are subdivided into smaller branches, and convey the air into the proper cells of the lungs; they afterwards proceed to the surface of the lungs, where they terminate by open orifices into a number of large cells, which again communicate with others that are distributed in almost every part of the body. Thus the air has a ready passage to all these cells, and even penetrates into the cavity of the bones. It is found, accordingly, that respiration can be carried on when the trachea is closed, if an opening be made into any one of these air cells. The consequences of this structure, and its influence on the physiology of respiration, and the functions depending on it, were pointed out.

Dr. ROGER concluded his Lecture by giving an account of the function of progressive motion in birds. He adverted to the principal conditions in the conformation of animals requisite for enabling them to act upon the air with sufficient force and efficacy to support them, and to advance with celerity in that medium. He noticed the remarkable adaptation to these objects which are exhibited in the frame-work of the skeleton, the position and figure of the wings, the situation and size of the muscles by which they are moved. The peculiar mechanism of the spine, recently discovered by Mr. Earle, and by which, while the trunk forms a compact and rigid case, the greatest possible freedom of motion is given to the neck, without occasioning pressure upon the spinal marrow, was described, and illustrated by diagrams. Various mechanical circumstances were pointed out in the action of the wings, which is directed with more or less obliquity in proportion as they are intended for a more perpendicular or a more horizontal flight.

Dr. ROGER took notice also of various modifications of structure adapted to the respective habits and mode of life of each different tribe of birds. He explained the reason why birds, when roosting, rest only upon one leg; the course of the tendons which contract the toes being such as to render this position the most easy and natural, and the one which affords most security. He described the curious mechanism of the fibrils of the feathers, by which they are severally locked together and prevented from separating. The peculiar structure by which this is effected can be discovered only with the assistance of the microscope; and is a striking instance of that refinement of execution, so universally displayed in the fabric of animals, whether viewed as a whole, or scrutinized in its minutest parts, and which bears the indelible stamp of Divine intelligence and power.

IMPROVEMENTS OF STEAM ENGINES.

THE last part of the London Journal of Arts contains a particular description of the improvements made in the Steam Engine by Mr. Perkins: and we have heard the opinions of persons of great mechanical and philosophical experience so strongly in their praise, that we cannot doubt the production of powerful effects by these principles and their new application. One of the chief features of the new machine is the diminution

of bulk: one of ten horse power occupies a space of only six feet by eight; and even a quintuple force, it is stated, might be given within the same dimensions. Another feature of importance is that of lessening the consumption of fuel; and another is (but this has frequently been claimed before, indeed in all the other systems) the prevention of danger from explosion, by generating the steam according to a novel process. This last invention consists of a safety bulb introduced into the steam-pipe, and calculated to explode at one-half or one-third the pressure which would affect the machine. The generation and condensation of the steam is so simultaneous that the piston can work at the rate of 150 strokes per minute.

LITERATURE, ETC.

THE KING'S LIBRARY.

THE Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, to whom the Papers respecting the Royal Library were referred, has been printed and circulated. It is an extremely well-written and convincing, as well as interesting document, and does great honour to those who drew it up. In substance it agrees with all the preceding statements on the subject in the *Literary Gazette*.

The Royal Library is already distinctly classed and fully catalogued in thirteen folio volumes; of which the first volume, containing letters A and B, has been printed, and the second, with the letter C, begun.

The number of books in the Library are about 65,250; exclusive of 868 cases of pamphlets, and pamphlets which would fill 140 cases more. Exclusive, also, of an extensive collection of maps, and geographical and topographical works.

The Library is very complete, for its extent, in all branches of science and literature: principally in classics, English history, Italian, French, and Spanish literature, and scarce early printed books of the 15th century.

A magnificent donation of Coins and Medals accompanies this splendid gift of His Majesty to the Public.

The Committee, under the entire view of the subject, recommend that this noble collection should be placed in the same building with the library of the British Museum, already enriched with 9000 books collected from the time of Henry VII., presented by George II. in the year 1757, and with 2000 volumes of papers and pamphlets, between 1640 and 1660, presented by His late Majesty in 1062. It is stated that the Royal Library

* It appears in this Report, which is closed with Dr. Johnson's sensible letter of counsel to Mr. Barnard, when he was sent by His Majesty to the continent, in 1768, to collect books, that "Since the foundation of the National Museum in 1755, the sums which have been granted by Parliament, for works of art, of science, and of literature, have been very considerable: the principal of which have been applied to the following purchases, viz.

1753. For the Sloonian collection.....	£20,000
1755. — the Harleian collection.....	10,000
1772. — the Hamilton collection of vases.....	8,410
1805. — the Townley collection of statues.....	20,000
1817. — the Lansdown manuscripts.....	4,225
1810. — the Greyfriars minerals.....	15,727
1813. — the Hargrave Library.....	8,000
1814. — the remainder of the Townley collection.....	8,200
1815. — the Phigalian marbles.....	15,000
1816. — the Elgin marbles.....	35,000
1818. — the Burney Library.....	13,200

The donations also of individuals have been most liberal and extensive."

is so different from that of the Museum, consisting of about 125,000 volumes, that its addition will not make above 21,000 duplicates, and of these not more than 12,000 which might be deemed unnecessary. It is, however, advised, out of respect to His late Majesty, that the library should be kept distinct and entire; and the Committee further point out the eligibility of erecting a new national Museum on the site of Montague House and grounds.

THE HERCULANEUM DIAL.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

MR. EDITOR,—In want of the steady and never-failing light of revealed religion, and possessing but vague and undetermined ideas concerning the existence of a posthumous life, the Greeks and Romans looked generally no farther than the present time. The past was occasionally treasured in their memory, but the future was no object of contemplation, speculation, or care. They lived, as the French say, "an jour le jour," and troubled not themselves about the morrow. The wisest of their philosophers, (sworn or declared, however, to be such by the Delphic Oracle,) Socrates, was obliged to empty the hemlock-bowl in due punishment, as they thought, for having publicly preached the dear and solacing doctrine of a "hope beyond the grave." The quick and full enjoyment of whatever the present hour might bring upon its fleeting wings, seems to have been the constant refrain (burthen) of their convivial songs under the rose-entwined bowers of their gardens, as well as in the gaudy halls of their merriment. *Dona presentis rape latius hunc*, says Horace, who in many elegant passages of his works, too well known to be quoted, is far from evincing any consciousness of, or belief in, another life. He even laughs at the gods—[See his Ode, *Percus decorum cultor*, Carm. 1. Od. xxiv., and others.] This was the popular theme, and from the good and jolly toper Anacreon, down to Seneca the tragedian, who dared to assert in the very face of Rome congregated in the Amphitheatre, that "nothing was to be expected after death, and that death itself was nothing."

Post mortem nihil est; ipseque mors nihil;

It appears that (Cicero, perhaps, and a few others excepted,) no one entertained a sincere and substantial surmise of another state after death. Lucretius did not mince the matter; he discarded and disposed of, wholesale, all belief concerning it. Virgil and Lucan furnish us with some faint conceptions of their own, or of what they had heard in the Schools of the Platonic wranglers. But alas! how unsteady their steps! how erratic their walks! how obscure and unconnected their strivings towards the establishment of a future existence, the innate desire of which they most powerfully felt, but could not describe. In their natural wisdom, they thought it real and true, because, with all their ingenuity and sincerity on the subject, they could not reconcile the idea of Divine justice with an absolute negation of a posthumous state. The Elysian Fields described in the 6th Book of the *Æneid*, have no other vouchers or claim to persuasion than the beauty of Maro's lines; and Lucan, pedantically versifying on the immortal soul of Pompey, loses himself and his hero in a blaze of splendid poetry, and, like the passing glare of fireworks, "vanishes into nought."

I was naturally led to these observations

by musing leisurely upon a Dial found at Herculanæum, and of which I send you a plain and correct Diagram, with a distich



from the Greek Anthology, explaining the letters, and eliciting a sort of conceit (conceito) out of them:

Ἐξ ὥρας μὲν ὁδὸς ἵκανοταταὶ αἱ δὲ μεν' αὐτὰς
Γράμμασι δεκνόμενοι ΖΗΘΙ λέγ' ὅσι βροτοῖς.

Sex horas operi debemus—cætera signis
Grammata conscribunt VIVITO si sapias.

The sense in plain English is—"Six hours are quite enough for business. The following letters advise man to live well and happy."

The Dial is divided into twelve equal parts, the twelve hours of the natural day; and each part is marked with one of the numerical Greek alphabet, which admits the ς as Number 6. But the 6th and 7th hours are left blank, on account of the heat of noon usually incapacitating the ancients for business or pleasure; and the accidental concurrence of ΖΗΘΙ taken as the imperative mood of *Zao-vito-vivito*, gave an opportunity to some wag of the time to work out the allusion, which is in true and characteristic Grecian style, and must have been pleasing to the Herculanæum Dilettanti.

If you find this paper in any way conducive to the entertainment of your numerous and classical readers, a place in the *Literary Gazette* is requested by, Mr. Editor,

Your, &c. &c. &c. THE GLEANER.

* The reason why this compound sign ΖΤ was intercalated in the alphabetical order of letters between Z and T, to design No. 6, I have not yet been able satisfactorily to account for, unless it were to bring Iota upon 10, as a more pleasant initial than K would have been for the second set of numbers—Is (11,) Iθ (12,) instead of Ka (11,) Kθ (12,) &c. &c.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THOUGH the Annual Exhibition at Somerset House will be open to "all the world" only on Monday next, we trust we shall not be thought to arrogate the pretension of belonging to Superior Intelligences of another world, because we have it in our power to throw a coup d'œil over the yet undivulged doings of this. The fact is, there are several ways of acquiring the *a priori* knowledge which we are about to rain upon the heads of our favoured readers: firstly, it may be partially obtained by visiting the Painting Rooms of our artists before their pictures are sent in; secondly, it may be pumped out of common report; thirdly, it may be got from Genii, Wizards, the Hangmen, or Sam the Porter; and fourthly, it may be gathered from the select private-view by ticket on the Friday preceding the public opening. With regard to the first, we thought of it when our *Gazette* (heavenly Maid!) was young; but abandoned the idea on sundry strong grounds—such as the partialities to which it necessarily led, the impossibility of doing justice equally to

all the honourable competitors in Art, and above all, the repugnance (amounting to the impossibility) which we felt to speak nothing but our real opinions of works which we had been admitted to see in the character of guests under the roof of their authors. The latter consideration was conclusive; and we made it a rule never to anticipate the Gallery in the studies of any artists. With respect to the second, common report is such a notorious liar, that, having always found ourselves deceived when we trusted to her, we finally quarrelled with the gossip, and resolved never more to repeat what she told us, even though she swore to its truth as an eyewitness. It was only last week, in spite of our caution, that she palmed a falsehood upon us about Milman's tragedy. On the third point, we may beg to be excused from speaking quite out. Whatever our intercourse with the Beings mentioned may be, we should not like to puff it—nor indeed to say any thing about it; and our delicacy in this respect may be the better pardoned, since by simply adopting the fourth probable explanation as the means by which we are enabled to dictate the following few passages, our amiable friends will be just as much gratified as if they attributed them to the President and—Hocus Focus.

There are 1058 pieces in the rooms, and the Sculpture augments the number to 1131; much about the usual quantity of canvas, gilding, marble, and plaster. There seems also to be much about the usual quantum of merit; though upon the whole, having heard the Exhibition highly praised beforehand, we were disappointed in the result. Our Catalogue is marked under this impression, and we must run over it numerically rather than orderly, (classing Artists and Pictures,) to give an idea of the Gallery.

1. Portrait of Judge Best, *Pickersgill*, and one of seven clever Portraits by this Artist, who has now risen to a deservedly high rank in his profession. Some of these are of the small size in which poor Harlow was so distinguished. In 189, Mr. Barber Beaumont, the foreshortening of the limbs is bad; but 255, Rev. E. P. Owen, makes amends by its Vandykish head and other qualities.

7. Lord Harewood, a whole-length, by Sir T. Lawrence—a sober-toyed picture, and excellent likeness. The President has also six other Portraits: 28, a young Archbishop of York; 84, a brilliant Head of Lord Francis Conyngham; 89, Lady Jersey, something resembling the whole-length of Lady Leicester, but neither so graceful nor so well draped; indeed the latter is bad, and takes away from the other beauties of the Picture; 124, The Chapcellor of the Exchequer; 318, Sir W. Knighton, a capital head; and 445, a Young Lady.

9. Don Quixote in his Study. G. S. Newton.—A very clever fancy. The Knight looks a little too mad, perhaps, and is not very Spanish; but the subject is well conceived, the attitude good, and the ensemble characteristic.

13. A Scene from the Spoilt Child. G. Clint.—Mr. Clint is an extraordinary man, and is yearly emancipating himself from those trammels which kept him from the top of his art. This is an admirable comic scene, with Mrs. Harlow, Tayleure, and Little Fisher: the humour and colouring are congenially rich; and the whole a credit to the painter. The same artist has 263, Portraits of Colonel Berkeley, Captain A. Berkeley

and Captain Austin, in the play of *Julius Caesar*: as he, of course, did not choose the characters, we have nothing to blame him for in that respect; but those who did choose them did a thing which cannot be called wise, and the painter has only made the best of a matter out of his line. 331, A Portrait of J. Johnstone, by the same, is very like that great dramatic favourite.

21. The Solar System, a sweet and fanciful allegory, by Howard. Apollo, in the centre of a circular rainbow, is surrounded by the "other stars" drawing light from his fountain in their golden urns, &c. The idea highly poetical, and the execution very pleasing. The same gentleman has some good Portraits of Ladies, such as No. 95, Mrs. B. Webster, &c.

22. The Dawn, *Fuseli*. A Youth reclining in deep shade, with a streak of light just falling on his face and neck. A fine example of the master; and coloured more like Parmegiano, in gloom, than like Fuseli in morning light.

29. Portrait of Mrs. Symmons. Sir W. Beechey. The same able painter has four or five other Portraits, but there is nothing to distinguish from his usual and graceful manner.

34. John Knox admonishing Queen Mary, on the day when her intention to marry Darnley had been made public. W. Allan. A composition of four figures, and not second to the best picture in this year's Gallery. The stern reformer, in black, with a long beard, is boldly if not rudely lecturing his Sovereign; who is leaning on a table, a fair beauty, with mingled resignation and apprehension. A female attendant is averting herself from Knox, while an elderly male seems to be directing the Queen's attention to the words of the speaker. A China Vase, and a Lute, are exquisitely painted; and the whole picture is a chef-d'œuvre of uncommon merit: a great honour to the Arts in Scotland.

42. Portrait, by Sir H. Raeburn. The head of that (the Scottish) School, and, together with other fine Portraits, proving him to be worthily so.

43. The Village Coal Merchant. W. R. Biggs. A winter scene, executed with the skill of a Dutch painter.

59. Salisbury Cathedral. J. Constable. A striking but mannered view of this noble church from the Bishop's grounds.—In his other Landscapes, Mr. C. has made his foliage always the same. Beautiful as it is, variety would be more agreeable.

67. "A Fish Auction" in the Catalogue, but in reality a very pretty piece of flesh—a young girl, well painted. There is, however, a 67, a Landscape on the Coast of Devonshire, and 88, a Scene in Borrowdale, from the pencil of Collins, both charming. The latter is quite in the Gainsborough style, while the former is Mr. Collins's own: we hardly know which to prefer.

74. Lord Braybrooke, *Jackson*; who has four other Portraits in his best manner.

194. Mrs. Agar Ellis might be hung beside the famed Chapeau de Paille.

73, 83. Portraits, by *Shae*, whom we have not seen to more, not, we think, to so much, advantage for several years. The flesh colouring is natural, and this added to his other qualities, goes near to make perfect pictures.

77. The Bay of Baie, a gorgeous piece by Turner. It is like the vision of a poet, rapidly and slightly embodied by a painter.

The colouring altogether is gay, and we are not sure that its deep blue waters could consist with such a sky, foreground and distance; but, as a whole, it is so splendid, and in parts so delicious, that we have no eye for criticism.

78. A whole-length of the Duke of York in his robes, by *Phillips*. H.R.H. appears stout and well. Moses is in a frame a little to the left below his feet; and together with the artist's touch, makes him look good humoured. This is Mr. Phillips' only work in the Exhibition.

97. View in the East Indies. *T. Daniell*, full of customary character. Mr. D. has also several views of Arundel Castle, of which, though the scenery is not picturesque, one in the Room of Painting is very fine.

111. Draught Horses, *Cooper*, who has not studied Cyp for nothing. He has here nearly equalled that master. His battle-pieces, however spirited, become monotonous.

117. The Muse Erato, the only subject by *Stothard*, and replete with his classic taste. It reminds us of an exquisite ancient fresco, with the pure imagination of the antique.

128. The Reconciliation. *Stephanoff*. A well-conceived family scene of a runaway daughter returned and forgiven. If ever there were pearly tears, however, they belonged to this family, for father, mother, and maid, have all their cheeks set with them. This is affection.

131. The Duke of York, "in Little." *Wilkie*. 135. The Parish Beadle, by the same.—These are novelties, and apparently experiments in colour by our admired Artist. We are sorry to say that we do not like the experiment. It seems to be of the Rembrandt school, and in all the mechanism of the art most successful. But why should Wilkie of all men desert the path he has made so famous? Why should he who elevated the English Art above the Flemish, by adding sentiment, pathos, meaning, and soul to exquisite execution, at once throw away all these excellencies to give us a mere thing of curious light and shadow? The Duke of York is amazingly well done, but to our eye dusky, and a piece of effect rather than a production to be ranked with the Painter's former works. The Parish Beadle is "the story of the bear and fiddle" in low life. The Officer is lodging in prison a party of foreign strollers, with bruin, the monkey, hurdy-gurdy, &c. The monkey is a delicious bit of grave humour, and the rest full of truth; but still, we say again, give us the Artist's old colouring and his old British feeling.

136. Christ crowned with Thorns. *Westall*. Of parts of this we could speak in praise, but we cannot do so for the whole. Mr. Westall has some charming little Pieces in other rooms—the Rose and Lily, &c.; and we are sorry he tried the loftier flight.

158. Dutch Market Boats. *Callcott*. A very genuine and capital picture; worthy of Callcott.

190. Comus, with the Lady in the Enchanted Chair. *Hilton*. It is almost enough to say that Mr. H. has produced nothing better than this masterly picture. It is one of the Eyes of the Exhibition, and possessed of beauties of the highest class. The Satyrs are worthy of Rubens—the expression of the whole group equal to any painter—and we only wish we could add that the Lady was more perfectly beautiful. Yet there are few artists living who could surpass this imaginative and very poetical composition.

197. The Child Exposed, by *Antigonus Thomson*. Also a fine subject, and well treated. The old Shepherd is capital, and the Youth picturesque. The Child is rather ill drawn, or perhaps we should say ill-disposed: but Mr. Thomson is himself in the entire performance.

211. A Bacchante. *Mrs. Anslay*.—The form finer than the head, and well coloured.

221. The Bell-gate, at Bourdeaux, &c. *G. Jones*.—A well painted, characteristic foreign scene. The architecture excellent, and the figures all well employed.

228. Diana and Actæon. *G. Arnold*.—A fine classical Landscape, in which this oft-painted accident is ably represented. The central group bathing is delicious. Poor Actæon can hardly be made a hero of, and is accordingly in shadow.

233. The Battle of the Angels. *W. Young Ottley*.—An honorary contributor, and deserving of honour. The conception is sublime, and the design fit for a companion to M. Angelo's Last Judgment.

270. Sir A. Grant. *J. Lonsdale*.—One of several good Portraits by the same hand.

272. Shakespeare's Jubilee. *M. W. Sharp*. Most of the principal actors of Covent Garden Theatre in characters from Shakespeare; and one of the most attractive pictures in these rooms. Mr. Sharp has not produced a better nor more interesting piece of dramatic portraiture; but alas, the changes! the Stephens, Liston, &c. are no longer by the side of C. Kemble, Blanchard, Farren, Fawcett—And where is Macready?

301. Undine. *Wainwright, H.*—A fanciful picture, displaying much imagination. Its shadowy tenants are happily conceived, and Fuseli is not over-fused in the colouring.

305. Discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. *Briggs*. A very excellent representation of a striking historical fact.

315. Fishing Boats. *Rogers*.—A good landscape.

Having glanced round the two chief rooms, we shall only add, that for one good picture there are five bad. Even on the level of the eye there are many which fill places they ought not to usurp. If there were none better, the bare walls were.

The Anti Room has not many observable productions. We only noticed (cursorily) 373. Windsor Castle, SW. *Reynolds*, senior.—

383. An East-Indian on the top of a very high Wave, *Daniell*.—Some Highland Portraits (there is plenty of Tartan in the Exhibition this year,) and the Paphian Bower, 427, by *J. Martin*. This partakes, to a considerable degree, of the qualities which marked his Paradise in the British Gallery—has some extraordinary merits and some peculiarities, and is altogether a work of genius.

In the Antique Academy, the Enamels and Miniatures seemed to court that attention we had not time to bestow. Bone has some charming Pieces; Wilkie a bold Chalk Study; Westall a pretty Jest; Mrs. Pearson, J. Graham, and Masquerier, clever Portraits; Landseer living Animals; and other Artists, Flowers, &c. &c. &c.

The Library is utterly spoilt by the introduction of vivid Oil Paintings, to overpower the Architectural Designs. Even the rich Gandy (964,) in his Lancaster Castle, is destroyed by Johnny Gilpin hanging immediately over him: this is by Witherington, and a very creditable piece of humour. Mr. Soane is killed by adjacent Portraits, &c.; and on

the whole, the Architects' works are completely buried by what they will call rubbish.

In the Model Academy, there are not many subjects of importance:—No. 1082. Horace's Dream, by *Westmacott*, is nobly conceived.—Perhaps sculpture is not capable of going so minutely into detail—the alto-relievo figures are very fine.—1090. Cupid, by the same, is a graceful boy. The countenance is not of that ideal beauty we could imagine.—1101. Danzatrice, by *Canova*. A light and graceful production of that master.—1102. Affection, by *Baily*. A group of female and child, touchingly designed, and, though only in plaster, sufficient to exhibit the charms of an original position, throwing the form into fine outline.—1115. Bust of Lord Colchester, by *Gibbon*. Not the best sample we could have wished from a British Artist, so celebrated at Rome. It is nevertheless, a very fair bust.

ANGLO-ROMAN SCHOOL.

THE following is a pleasant document to copy into our Gazette:—To the several Correspondents who have wished to make us the channel of their donations, we can only say at present, that we trust by next Saturday to be able to state particularly, how they may best carry their honourable intentions into execution. On conversing with one of the partners of Messrs. Coutts, we found the most ready, polite, and friendly disposition to facilitate the business part of this excellent design; and as we wish to decline personal agency and responsibility, while we give every public aid in our power to the Subscription, it is expedient that the simple machinery requisite for the investment and transmission of funds, should be complete before we go further into detail. The annexed is the acknowledgment to our magnificent *incognito* Correspondent, from the President of the Royal Academy, to whom, agreeably to our advice, the splendid gift was sent:

"*Russell Square, April 24, 1825.*"

"Sir,—I hereby acknowledge to have received from your hands the sum of two hundred pounds towards promoting the establishment of an English Academy at Rome, being the amount of a subscription presented by *A Lover of the Fine Arts*, and offered by him in his letter on the subject published in *The Literary Gazette* of December the 14th, 1822.

(Signed) "THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A."

Our Correspondent has indeed nobly redeemed his pledge to us, and afforded us cause to congratulate ourselves on taking up the subject, and advocating it in such a way as to enlist such an ally.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

THIS delightful lounge was so crowded on Monday that we could hardly see the beauties of Art for the beauties of Nature (we do not include gentlemen—especially lusty gentlemen.) The sight was altogether very gratifying, because very British and national. Next Monday is the last day—we mean, for opening this mansion so richly adorned with the productions of Native talent.

WATER COLOURS EXHIBITION.

No. 53. The Trout Stream. *J. D. Harding*.—Among the varieties of pictured hill and dale, mountain and torrent, our eye was attracted by Mr. Harding's Trout Stream. Our appetite for eating trout is far more than for catching them; and in spite of Isaac Walton, we almost think it a sin to visit scenes like

these for any other purpose than that of contemplating their lonely loveliness.

"It was a little glen, which like a thing
Cherish'd in secret, as a treasure hid
From all the world.

'Twas such a spot, as in all ages men
Have sacred held.

And former Minstrels of our isle had deem'd
The fairies chose it for their moonlight haunt."

Sketch of Seckery—L. E. L.

A more perfect example of the picturesque can, we think, hardly be given, united as it is with every quality of fine art.

No. 81. Receiving Ships, Portsmouth. S. Prout.—In subjects of this kind Mr. Prout is eminently distinguished: the breadth of his style and the boldness of his pencil suit well with the grandeur of these objects; and there is nothing which more obviously displays the power and compass of the human mind in the mechanical of art, than the formation of such stupendous structures. Thus the artist has on this, as on other occasions, contrived to exhibit the bulk and vastness of these floating leviathans, so as to revive the sublime description of Campbell's Lanch.

Of a similar character is No. 102, the Hotel de Ville, Ghent, by the same Artist, where his broad and vigorous style applies in like manner to the grandeur of Gothic architecture. Too much, however, appears of the artificial in colour to warrant our praising this as a perfect resemblance, more especially when we recur to the simplicity of some of our early artists, such as T. and P. Sandby, Roßer, Hearne, &c.; but the powerful attraction of colours rather than that of colouring, is the view of our modern school. We have, however, no objection to the brilliant display of tints, so that it be in the right place, and employed on suitable subjects.

No. 234. Embarkation of His Majesty George IV. from Greenwich, Aug. 10, 1822. D. Cox.—What we have just had occasion to remark upon the artificial in colouring does not apply to the piece before us; and it is only in other instances, when it appears on all subjects, and becomes the entire manner of the artist, that we object to it as a lifeless. This splendid scene admits of gaud;—variety, splendor, and rainbow hues, agree with the character of the scene. The ever-changing colours of the opal might have been the study of Mr. Cox: if so, he has used that beautiful gem to great advantage. It may be, and it is, an objection, that His Majesty is not made the primary object of attraction; still we would not have the liberty of choice taken from the artist. He is the best judge of what he intends, and of the effect to be produced; and in this instance may apply the story of the troublesome guest, who in his overstrained humility would not take the seat assigned to him. Fear not, said his host, wherever I sit, that will be the place of honour and the centre of regard.

No. 115. Scene at a Fountain, Inverary, North Britain. J. Crisfall.—We think the artist could hardly have produced a more charming scene (certainly not one more lively) from the Castilian Fount, than he has given in the sprightly animation of the Scotch lassies at their Well in Inverary, together with their bare feet, arch looks, and scanty highland drapery. This playful group is well sustained by contrast and colour; it is, indeed, as we remarked on first sight, one of Mr. Crisfall's happiest efforts, and shows what may be done with the simplest materials.

No. 203. A Picture of Youth, or the School

in an Uproar. H. Richter.—On every occasion on which we have had to speak of this artist's performance, the subject of his School Boys has been present to our mind, and in one particular instance we recommended it for engraving as a print, feeling assured of its welcome reception by the public. The suggestion has been adopted, and we have only to offer our congratulations on the proposal of an Engraving, and to express our hopes that its execution will keep pace with the original excellence of this delightfully characteristic drawing.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MODERN GREEK POETRY.

[The subjoined Greek Verses were addressed to Greece upon the occasion of the Ionian Islands being taken under the protection of Great Britain, and their Constitution signed by His present gracious Majesty when Regent. We insert them as a *Literary Curiosity*; and have nothing to answer for in regard to the sentiments they express. The MS., flourished, and in a style of strange penmanship, is itself so remarkable a document, that we wish it were in our power to communicate it to our Greek readers.]

Δαὶ τὴν Νεοσθέντον Ἐκδόσιον
Ἰωνικὴν Πολιτείαν.

Τῇ Ἑλλάδι

Ἡ λαμπρότατ' Ἑλλάδα!

Παῖρ τῶν φιλοσόφων,

Μητέρα τῶν ἡρώων,

Φωσφόρε τῶν βροτῶν.

Τόρνοι οἱ αἰῶνες

Τὴν δόξαν σου μαυρίζαν

Τὴν λαμπρὴν θαυμάζαν,

Παλιν οὐκ ἐπανέλθον.

Ἡ πάντως σου βίβα

Πάντο' ἀναβλάσκει,

Ἀνθ' καρπὸς τε κόμει,

Ἀνδρείας καὶ ἀρετὴν.

Ἐπύρριον ἐκ τῆς βλάδης,

Ἀνατ' ἀπὸ τῆς γῆλης

Χαίρει χαρὰν μεγάλην,

Μητέρα τῶν Μουσῶν.

Νῦν, μὲ χρυσὰς ἐλπίδας,

Λαμπρὰ ὡς σὺ ἔλαλ' ἡμῖν,

Ἡ σὺ φοιτᾷς Ἀγγλία

Πάλιν σ' ἀνακαλεῖ.

Ἰδοὺ δὲ σὺ στήται

Εἰς ἐνα τῶν λαμπρῶν

Καὶ παλαιῶν μελῶν

Μὴ εὐδαίμων ἐρχῆ.

Ἐλευθερὸς ἐκλήθη,

Ἐπ' ἀνίσταται καὶ μᾶ

Ἰόνων πολιτεία

Μ' Ἑλληνικὴν βουλὴν.

Ὁ τῆς Ἀγγλίας ΠΡΙΓΚΙΠ

Καὶ ὑπερασπιστὴς,

Ποθεὶ τὴν ἔγερσιν,

Θέλεις τὴν σωτηρίαν.

Καὶ μὲ αὐτὸ τὸ τέλος

Τὸ σέβειμα σφραγίζει,

Τὸς πρᾶξει τῆς φηλῆς,

Τὴν δόξαν τῆς κρεί.

Ἀγγλος, Ἀνδρείος, Μέγας,

Στρατάρχης, καὶ γενναῖος,

Δίκαιος, καὶ σπουδαῖος,

ΜΑΙΤΑΝΑΝ ἐπ' ἀγαθῇ.

Ἐν νόμοις τέκνον

Ἐκείνη προεδρεῖ,

Ἐστὶν μνημονεῖον

Θερμὸς σ' ἀνακαλεῖ.

Καὶ ἐκείνη βῆμα

Πρὸς σὲ ἀναβιβάζει,

Καθήμενός σ' ἀναβιβάζει.

Πᾶς δ' αὖ σ' ἀνακαλεῖ.

Ποθεὶ Ἑλλάς καὶ μὲν
Τὴς εἰς ὃ Γαβριήλ;
Εἰς ὃ Ἑμμανουήλ;
Ὁ ἀκριβὸς οὐδ'.

Λαμπρὰ Ἐπ' ἀγαθῇ
Τῇ, Θεοτόκῃ, φέρεται,
Μὲ τὸ δεικνύον χέρι
Πάντα σ' προκαλεῖ.

Ἐγκρίνοι τῶν ἰόνων!
Ἐσεῖς δὲ σκοπεῖται
Τὸ πόσον χρεώεσθαι,
Ζεῖς δὲ ἀνταμοιβήν.

Προσφέρ τε τῇ Ἀγγλίᾳ
Πνεύμα, ζωὴν, καὶ κτῆμα,
Καὶ τὼς εἰς τὸ μῦθον,
Δειχθῆτε οἱς πῶλον.

POETICAL CATALOGUE OF PAINTINGS.

On May-day, by Leslie.

Beautiful and radiant May,
Is not this thy festal day?
Is not this spring revelry
Held in honour, Queen, of thee?
'Tis a fair: the booths are gay,
With green boughs and quaint display;
Glasses, where the Maiden's eye
May her own sweet face espy;
Ribands for her braided hair,
Beads to grace her bosom fair;
From yon stand the Juggler plays
With the rustic crowd's amaze;
There the Morris-dancers stand,
Glad bells ringing on each hand;
Here the maypole rears its crest,
With the rose and hawthorn dress;
And beside are painted bands
Of strange beasts from other lands.
In the midst, like the young Queen,
Flower crowned, of the rural green,
Is a bright-cheeked girl, her eye
Blue, like April's morning sky,
With a blush, like what the rose
To her moonlight minstrel shows;
Laughing at her love the while,—
Yet such softness in the smile,
As the sweet coquette would hide
Woman's love by woman's pride.
Farewell, cities! who could bear
All their smoke and all their care,
All their pomp, when wooed away
By the azure hours of May?
Give me woodbine, scented bowers,
Blue wreaths of the violet flowers,
Clear sky, fresh air, sweet birds, and trees,
Sights and sounds, and scenes like these!

[Sketches from Sir John Leicester's Gallery.]

The Hours, by Howard.

Wouldst thou know what life should be,
Were it mine but to decree
What its path should be for Thee?
Look upon those sister powers,
Chained, but only chained with flowers,—
That bright group of rose-winged Hours:
Sunny ones, whose beauty seems
Just made for the rainbow gleams
Of Fancy or of Pleasure's dreams;
Softer ones, whose shadows suit
With the Maiden stealing mute,
Guided by her Lover's lute.
But all lovely, and all bright,
Smiles of hope and plumes of light,—
Happiness is in their flight.
Oh, if fond love could decree
Hours of life, just such should be,
Or fairer yet, the Hours for Thee!

The Female Head on the left of "the Hours."
A dream of saddest beauty: one pale smile
Its light upon the blue-veined forehead shed,
As Love had lingered there one little while,
Robbed the cheek of its colour, and then fled;
Yet leaving a sweet twilight shade, which said
There had been sunshine once. Alas! the bloom,
The light, the hope, at Love's shrine offered!
Yet all in vain,—that altar is a tomb
Of broken hearts, its oracle but words of doom!
L. E. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. ARROWSMITH.—M. NOLLIKENS.
WEDNESDAY the 23d ult. was marked in London by the deaths of two individuals of great public celebrity, and who have for a long series of years occupied high places in their respective walks of Science and Art. We allude to Mr. A. ARROWSMITH, the famous Chart-maker, and to Mr. JOSEPH NOLLIKENS, R.A., the equally famous Sculptor; the former of whom had attained his 73d, the latter his 85th year.

Mr. ARROWSMITH resided in Soho-square, and in the midst of constant study and application, was a man universally respected by society. His skill and intelligence have raised the character of English Geography all over the world; and his Maps are generally looked to as standards for comparison and reference.

Mr. NOLLIKENS was for many years at the head of his profession in England, and has produced works, for grace, beauty, and genius, little if at all inferior to the best of any Artist since his "prime of days." But one generation ago there was hardly a bust seen but from his chisel; and his monumental designs and subjects of fancy were very numerous and justly admired. The *Venus with the Sandal*, upon which he was employed some twenty or thirty years, may, we presume, be said to be his chief-d'œuvre; but among the multitude of his performances there are many left of nearly equal claim to eulogy. In private life Mr. NOLLIKENS was of rather pensive habits, and the consequence has been the accumulation of perhaps the largest fortune ever acquired by an Artist in this country, amounting to a quarter of a million sterling. From this immense sum he has bequeathed three legacies of 50,000l. each; one to His present Majesty, the others to Mr. Donce, the well-known commentator on Shakspeare, and Dr. Kerriek, public librarian at Cambridge. Mr. Donce, as residuary legatee, will, it is said, get probably 90,000l. in addition, but the real amount is as yet quite conjectural.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, April 23, 1823.

... *Ebroin*, or the *Maire du Palais*, a tragedy, lately performed at the Théâtre Français, and of which I wrote you sometime since, is the general subject of conversation. The author has received *des lettres des noblesse*, and instead of the *roturier M. Ancelot*, he is now Monsieur D'Ancelot. M. D'Ancelot wrote, when M. Ancelot, *Louis IX.*, and both pieces present well-written passages and good versification; but they are deficient in plan, interest, and, above all, tragic genius.

The third representation of *Comte Julien*, mentioned in my last, was very stormy. During the whole of the fifth Act, the Pit sang in chorus, "*Malbrough s'en va en guerre.*" Several persons were arrested; thus you see

in the Coterie and the Pit, literature and party are miserably mixed up.

The first Opera to be played at the Italian is *La Rosa bianca e la Rosa rossa*. A new actor, Bonaldi, a first tenor, is to make his *débüt*, and the music, by Mayer, is said to be very fine.

A little piece, *Les Cuisinières*, attracts a crowd to the Variétés. The representation of Kitchen life is most exact; and in this age the Kitchen is of great importance.

M. Villemain is about to publish a volume entitled *Mélanges et discours en prose*. M. V. is certainly one of the best writers of prose, and his *Mélanges* are expected with interest.

A rare circumstance has lately occurred—A *Grand Seigneur* has refused to be named Member of the *Académie*. M. de B— was much pressed to become a candidate for that honour, and his success was assured. "*Je m'en garderais bien*," (replied he), "*car, si c'est en qualité de littérateur que je dois être présenté, je n'ai pas assez d'esprit; si c'est en qualité de Grand Seigneur, je ne suis pas assez bête.*"

THE DRAMA.

ALMOST a blank. A Miss Jones has appeared in Rosalind at Covent Garden, and report speaks so favourably of her, that we are sorry to say her announcement escaped our notice. A new Opera, called *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, is promised for Thursday.—Kean and Young, in the Play of *Othello*, do great things at Drury Lane; and some good Plays stand for the ensuing week.

We are requested to contradict a report in our last Paper—"No Tragedy by Mr. Milman has been accepted by or offered to the Managers of either Theatre."

VARIETIES.

The Canonage clock of Edinburgh has been lighted with gas; and the Newspapers state, that the dial thus illuminated is rendered distinctly visible to a considerable distance during the darkness of night.

Statistique de Paris.—By the official returns for 1822, it appears that the population of Paris has thus increased during that year:

	Males.	Fem.	Total.
Births (in marriage)	8,671	8,458	17,129
— (out of marriage—known)	1,195	1,141	2,336
— (— unknown)	3,763	3,716	7,481
	13,663	13,318	26,880

Marriages.—Young men and young girls, 5933—Young men and widows, 329—Widowers and young girls, 685—Widowers and widows, 210—Total 7157. The adoptions of children are registered at 8. *Deaths*.—Males unmarried, 7978—Married, 2753—Widowers, 914—At the *Morgue*, 203—Total 11,850.—Females unmarried, 6537—Married, 2597—Widows, 2244—At the *Morgue*, 41—Total 11,419. Total of both sexes, 23,269.—Children dead born, 795 male, and 626 female—Total 1421.

Total Births	26,880
— Deaths	23,269

Balance in favour of population - 3,611

The 4th, 5th, and 6th volumes of M. Sismondi's "*History of the French*" are in the press, and will be published in May. These three volumes include a period of 240 years, from 987 to 1226, the time of the accession of St. Louis. M. Jomard is going to publish a *Journey to the Oasis of Syonah* (Siwa), drawn up from the materials collected by M. Drovetti and M. F. Caillaud, during their visits to this Oasis in 1820 and 1821. It is to

make one volume in folio, divided into four monthly Numbers, each containing five plates and a portion of the text.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, by J. R. Young, adapted to the present state of the Science, is in the press. It is stated to contain a new and general demonstration of the Binomial Theorem; a new method of extracting the Cube Root; improvements in Equations, the Summation of Series, &c. &c.

Journal des Savans, Feb. 1823.—1. Sir R. K. Porter, Travels in Georgia, &c. reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy.—2. Raynouard, Grammaire comparée des langues de l'Europe latine; M. Daunou.—3. L. Langlis, Monumens de l'Hindostan; M. Quatremère de Quincy.—4. M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Philosophie Anatomique; M. Abel Rémusat.—5. Olivier Basselin Vaux-de-Vire; M. Raynouard.—6. M. d'Harcourt, sur l'état agricole, &c. des provinces central de la France; M. Tessier.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

The Charity Almanack for 1823, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—*Les Cases* Journal, Parts 3 & 6, 21s. English; 18s. French.—*Brooke's Travels in Sweden*, Norway, &c. 8vo. 2l. 10s.—*Body and Soul*, Vol. 2d. 8vo. 9s.—*King of the Peak*, by the Author of the *Cavalier*, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.—*Barnett's Memoirs*, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—*Ringan Gilhaize*, by the Author of the *Entail*, &c. 3 vols. 18mo. 21s.—*Mortha*, a Tale, by the Rev. A. Reid, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s.—*Three Broken Hearts*, by J. R. Planche, 8vo. 6s.—*Sphere Artus*, &c. by Ditto. 8vo. 5s.—*Henry*, a Poem, by Samuel Rogers, Part I. f. cap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.—*Willa's* Translation of Garcilasso, 8vo. 12s.—*Sophocles* literally translated into English Prose, Vol. 2. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Bird's Poetical Memoirs*, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—*Thomson's Melodies of Scotland*, Vol. 5. royal 8vo. 12s.—*Poetry of the Bucks Chronicle*, 8vo. 4s.—*Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson*, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.—*Nathan's Essay on Music*, royal 4to. 2s.—*Beautés de la Littérature Française*, 18mo. 7s. 6d.—*Military Exploits of Don Juan Martin Diaz*, the Empeñado, 8vo. 7s.—*Lodge's Portraits and Biography of Illustrious Personages*, imperial 8vo. 12s. 6d.; royal 4to. *Indian Proofs* 25s.—*Heraldic Anomalies*, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s.—*Pring's Pathology*, 8vo. 14s.—*Blossoms of Wit*, royal. 18mo. 7s.—*Heinemann's Introduction to Hebrew*, 12mo. 6s.—*Fry's Hebrew Lexicon*, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 12s.; royal 8vo. 2l. 2s.—*Fry's Present for the Connoisseurs*, 18mo. 4s.—*Fry's Death*, and other Poems, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Sketches of Sermons*, Vol. 5. 12mo. 4s.—*Vaux ou Relative Taxation*, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Exempla Concinnus*, 12mo. 4s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

APRIL.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 24	from 49 to 53	29.41 to 29.45
Friday 25	from 36 to 59	29.79 to 29.73
Saturday . . . 26	from 43 to 52	29.63 to 29.60
Sunday 27	from 35 to 50	29.83 to 29.96
Monday 28	from 28 to 57	30.06 to 30.00
Tuesday . . . 29	from 34 to 56	30.08 to 30.28
Wednesday . 30	from 29 to 60	30.30 stat.

Wind variable; sometimes veering all round the compass. Clouds generally passing, and showery, till Monday, when more clear. A strongly coloured halo formed on Monday morning from 10 to 12. The white frost in the mornings still keeps vegetation very backward.

Rain fallen .7 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Our numerous and valuable Correspondents help us so generously, utter strangers weekly pouring in useful hints and information, at considerable expense, from almost every quarter of the globe, that we should ill discharge our debt of gratitude if we did not endeavor in return to avail ourselves of their favours, and to satisfy such inquiries as are addressed to us. But the latter are not only numerous, but many of them attended with difficulties not to be overcome without some investigation. This we trust will be our apology till, in a week or two, we can digest replies to, or employ the papers of, our Constant Reader at Mortlake, Philadelphia, F. Hopkins, in haste, &c. *Harper Postmark*, W. Wilkinson, J. H. R. Strong, Secus, &c. P.'s Letter of 31st March has our (late) thanks. The *Cynic* would oblige us either by private communication, or by further letters. His valour we admire; but the spirit of the *Literary Gazette* is not satirical without just cause.

67. The pressure of matter has induced us to abridge our Advertisements very much in this Number, for which we shall make the best amends we can in following Numbers.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MR. GLOVER'S Exhibition of PAINTINGS is now Open, 16, Old Bond-street, opposite Stafford-street.—Admission Is. Catalogue 6d.

CHAPEAU DE PAILLE, by P. P. RUBENS. The Exhibition of this universally admired Picture, known as the *Chapeau de Paille*, and acknowledged to be the chef-d'œuvre of Rubens in Portraiture, is now on View, at Mr. STANLEY'S Rooms, 21, Old Bond-street.—Admission Is. Memorandum of the Picture 6d. Open from 9 o'clock till 6.

It is expected that no Person will attempt to sketch or copy from the Picture.

WAPETI and REIN-DEER.—These interesting objects of Natural History are for Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, only a few Weeks longer. The majestic Wapeti will then adorn a Park, enjoying liberty and the full power of displaying their strength, symmetry, speed, and beauty. The growth of the Male's Horns is at present very curious. Open from Eleven till Dusk. Admission Is.

On the 1st of March was published, and continued Monthly, No. 1. (containing Eight Plates, and 20 pages of Letter-press, price 2s. 6d.) of

THE GRAPHICAL and TOPOGRAPHICAL DELINEATIONS of the COUNTY of CORNWALL, the whole to be comprised in Six Numbers, and illustrated with 50 Plates; being Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry, the principal Towns, and the most interesting objects of Antiquity. A large paper copy of this work is printed at 4s. per No.

Published by W. Simpkin & R. Marshall, Stationers, Hall-court, Ludgate-street; and may be had of all the Booksellers in town or country.

Spain.—In Imperial 8vo. price 4s. or Frouin, in 4to. price 12s. the First Number of

VIEWS IN SPAIN, from Drawings by H. LOCKER, Esq. F.R.S. containing NARCA, COLE, MORSE, TOLDO, PASS, and VILATE.

Printed for Rodwell & Martin, New Bond-street.

* This Work will be completed in Twelve Numbers, each containing Five Views, published every six Weeks.—A very limited number on India Paper, 10s.

Just published, price 4s. each Part; Frouin 6s.; India Paper Frouin 7s. 6d.

GENS OF ART.—A Rhapsody. Scene on the River Exe, from the pencil of the late celebrated Thomas Girtin; *Rembrandt's Mill*, from a Picture by Rembrandt; and *Meccana's Villa*, painted by R. Wilson, &c.—These beautiful subjects are engraved on Steel, for a Work entitled *Gens of Art*, to form one Volume of 36 Plates, engraved by W. Ward, A.R.A. Charles Turner, T. Lupton, &c. from Pictures of acknowledged excellence, painted by Artists of all ages and all Countries;—forming in itself a brilliant Cabinet of beauty and variety. Subjects from *Correggio*, *Rubens*, and *Caravaggio*, are preparing.

Published by W. B. Cooke, 4, Soho-square, where Specimens may be seen in the Print Rooms, which are constantly open to Public inspection Free.

SURREY INSTITUTION.

THE Extensive Library, Philosophical Instruments, Furniture, and Fittings-up, at this well known Literary Establishment. By Mr. SAUNDERS, as the Premier, Blackfriars-road, on Thursday, May 8, and Twelve following days, Sundays excepted, at Half-past Twelve precisely.—The Library comprises County, General and Natural History; Biblical and Official Divinity; an unusual assemblage of Dictionaries, Lexicons, and Grammars; Memoirs, Journals and Transactions of Philosophical Societies, *Belles Lettres*, Mathematics, Geography, Typographical Antiquities, Bibliography, Art, Agriculture, Voyages and Travels, Atlases, Political Economy, &c. &c. &c. with most of the best Modern Authors, and Periodicals in the present circulation, and an extensive bound. Also, a valuable Collection of modern Philosophical and Chemical Instruments, consisting of a large Air Pump, Cylinder and Plate, Electrical Implements, with the various Apparatus belonging thereto, Mechanical Powers, and a Pair of 18 inch Globes, chiefly by Jones; large ranges of Book-shelves, Galleries, &c. &c.—To be viewed three days preceding the Sale; Catalogues had on the Premises, and at the Office of Mr. Saunders, No. 30, Fleet-street, price 2s. 6d. each.

N.B. Catalogues will be delivered gratis to Proprietors, on application at the Institution only.

Just published, by Hurst, Robinson, & Co. (Printers to the King) 99, Chancery-lane, and 8, Pall-Mall, **THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION**, from a Painting of David Wilkie, Esq. R.A. Engraved by John Barnett, 134 inches wide by 184 high. Price 21s. Frouin 42s.

Just published, by Hurst, Robinson, & Co. (Printers to the King) 99, Chancery-lane, and 8, Pall-Mall, **RAT CATCHING**: From a Painting of Edwin Landseer, Engraved by John Landseer, 134 high.—Prints 10s. 6d. Frouin 15s.

MR. FOSCOLO'S LECTURES on ITALIAN LITERATURE will commence at Three o'clock on Tuesday next, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, and be continued every Thursday and Tuesday following, until the Course is completed. Subscriptions will be received, and Tickets delivered, at Mr. Murray's, 40, Albemarle-street.

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY. Incorporated 1818. Patron, THE KING.

THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this INSTITUTION will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday the 14th May, when the company of such Noblemen and Gentlemen as are friendly to the Benevolent purposes of the Society is earnestly solicited.

His Grace the Duke of SOMERSET, K.G. President, will take the Chair.

Stewards.
Right Hon. The Earl of Strathmore.
Right Hon. The Earl of Normanton, G.C.B.
Lord Gilmuir.

Major-General Sir John Malcolm.
C.W. Tennyson, Esq. M.P. Rev. Dr. Penrose.
Rev. T. Frougall Dibdin. Rev. George Croly.
Henry Bunsford, Esq. John Galt, Esq.
Richard Gilbert, Esq. John Thomas Hope, Esq.
J. Heywood Starkland, Esq. William Mudford, Esq.
Bryan Wm. Procter, Esq. John Livingston, Esq.
William Washell, Esq. Henry Waymouth, Esq.
Tickets 30s. each. To be had of the Stewards; at the Society's Chambers, 4, Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND, Established 1816.—The Patrons of the Fine Arts are respectfully informed, that the Fourteenth Anniversary of the Institution for relieving the Widows and Orphans of Artists, will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, on Monday next, as usual, being the day on which the Royal Exhibition at Somerset House annually opens to the Public, and which falls on the 5th. The Right Hon. The Earl of DAINLEY, in the Chair.

Stewards.
His Grace The Duke of Newcastle, K.G.
The Most Noble The Marquess of Bute,
The Right Honourable Lord Bessborough.

John Samuel Agar, Esq. Alexander Logan, Esq.
Abraham Cooper, Esq. R.A. John Preston Neale, Esq.
Thomas Smith Cate, Esq. Benjamin Oakley, Esq.
R. H. Davis, Esq. M.P. F. Lister Parker, Esq. F.R.S.
F.R.S. R. H. Heingale, Esq. R.A.
Denis Deighton, Esq. Henry Rossi, Esq.
Charles Forbes, Esq. M.P. John Sieck, Esq.
Edward F. Finden, Esq. John Thompson, Esq.
J. P. Grant, Esq. M.P. John Trevelyan, Esq.
G. Bellis Greenough, Esq. R. Westmacott, Esq. R.A.
F.R.S. &c.

Tickets, including Wine, 17s. each, to be had of the Stewards; of the Secretary, 23, Mornington-place; and at the Tavern.

Dinner on Table at Half-past Five for Six precisely. The interests of this Fund are entrusted to the Management of a Committee of Fifteen Members, namely, five elected, Ten being Amateurs and Five Artists. The Society has been open to every Artist of merit in the United Kingdom, ever since its establishment in the year 1810; and all who have not joined it already, are hereby invited to become Members. In order that (by the payment of an annual trifling fee for their own relief, should they ever happen to require it) their Widows and Orphans may become entitled, as a matter of right, to an Annuity from this Benevolent Fund.

Committee of Management for 1832-33.
Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart. F.R.S. &c. Chairman and Trustee.

Daniel Moore, Esq. F.R.S. & F.S.A. Treasurer and Trustee.
Edw. H. Bailly, Esq. R.A. George Smith, Esq. M.P.
Robert Balmanno, Esq. R. H. Solly, Esq. F.R.S. & F.S.A.
Henry Aston Barker, Esq. John Frey, Esq.
Amos Bernasconi, Esq. Francis Vine, Esq.
Abraham Cooper, Esq. R.A. Francis Wilson, Esq.
Wm. Rogers, Esq. R.A. (Vacant by Mr. Warren's death.)
John Sturt, Esq. R.A. &c. Trustee.

ROBERT BALMAYNO, Secretary. The Songs and Musical Arrangements at the Festival will be under the direction of Mr. Broadhurst.

GREAT ROOM, SPRING GARDENS.—NOVELTY! **MARSHALL'S Grand Historical Perspective PANORAMA of the CEREMONY of the Coronation** of the Coronation Procession, and the Banquet, painted on 10,000 square feet of canvas, and displaying nearly 100,000 figures, upwards of 500 of the principal characters on the foreground of the size of life. The movement of the Panorama, accompanied by a full Military Band, assisted by a Flute Organ and Trumpets, Exhibitions to commence at 12, 1, 2, 3, & 4 o'clock; and in the Evening, brilliantly illuminated with Gas, at 7, 8, and 9 o'clock.—Admission: Boxes 2s. Gallery Is.—Descriptive Book 6d.

WORKS of CANOVA.—On the 1st May was published, Part VI. of a Series of Engravings in Outline, by Henry Moses, of the Works of ANTONIO CANOVA, in Sculpture and Modelling; with Descriptions from the Italian of the *Commune d'Albano*.

This Part contains, 1. *Scorpius saving the Life of Alcibiades*.—2. *Hector*.—3. *Ajax*.—4. *Reclining*.—5. *Hebe*. Part V. published on the 1st April, may be had, containing, 1. *Venus and Adonis*.—2. *Paris*.—3. *Dadalus* and *Icarus*.—4. *Brutus* consigned to the *Heralds* by *Patroclus*.—5. *Carianus*.

This Work will be published Monthly, in Imperial 8vo. price 4s.; Imperial 4to. price 6s.; and 50 Copies only will be taken off on India Paper, price 10s. 6d. Each Part will contain five Engravings, with Letter-press descriptions. Specimens of the Engravings in Part VII. may be seen, and Prospectuses of the Work had of the Publisher, Septimus Proctor, 209, Strand, opposite Arundel-street.

TO BOOKSELLERS, ETC. session if required (the Proprietor retiring from Business), the very excellent and desirable Trade of a BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, &c. with one of the most extensive CIRCULATING LIBRARIES out of the country attached thereto, and which has been carried on with great success for nearly 50 years, situate in the centre of almost the largest Manufacturing Town in England.

Stamps, Medicines, Letter-press and Copper-plate Printing, Bookbinding, &c. &c.

Apply (if by Letter, post paid) at the Advertiser's Office, Warwick; at the Gazette Office, Birmingham; or to S. W. care of Messrs. Newton & Co. Country Newspaper Office, 5, Warwick-square, London.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In a few days will be published, in 4to. price 1s. **A CRITICAL CATALOGUE of all Works of Merit** in the Exhibition, with a Pindaric Address to the R.A.'s, by CHARLES M. WESTMACOTT. Published by John Fairburn, Broadway, Ludgate-hill.

Where may be had, Nos. 1, 2, 3, & 4, pr. 1s. each, of **The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte**, late Emperor of the French, &c. &c. by W. H. Ireland, Member of the Athenaeum of Sciences and Arts at Paris. Illustrated with highly-finished Coloured *Quarto* Plates of *Napoleon's Battles*, engraved by Mr. George Cruikshank, from the originals etched at Paris by Dupré Bataux, being accurate Plans and Designs taken on the spot where each Battle was fought, by Denon, Vernet, &c. The only Work extant, the fidelity of which may be depended upon, as it was expressly executed by command and under the auspices of the three French Governments.

NATIONAL SONGS of SCOTLAND will be published early in May, in one neat Pocket Volume, with a beautiful Portrait of Burns. Printed for Steuart & Panton, 430, Chancery-lane.

On Wednesday next, the 7th inst. will be published, Foolscap 8vo.

FABLES for THE HOLY ALLIANCE. Rhymes on the Lord, &c. &c.

By THOMAS BROWN the Younger, Secretary of the Peco-curante Society, and Author of *The Fudge Family*, and the *Two-penny Post-hog*. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown.

Of whom may be had, *The Fudge Family* in Paris, 9th edit. Foolscap 8vo. 7s. 6d.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, and Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the Literary Gazette Office, 362, (Exeter Change) Strand; and 7, South Molton-street, Oxford-street; sold also by E. Marlborough, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill; and J. Chappell & Son, 58, Royal Exchange.

E. BENSLEY, Printer, Bolt-Court, Fleet-street.